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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1910.

The Week.

It is not often that the prospects of a legislative proposal are involved in such confusion as seems at present to surround the Administration's Railway Bill. The matter is especially complicated by the difficulty of discovering what is the definite purpose either of advocates or opponents. In a general way, it appears to be true that the regulars in Congress are supporting the bill because it is an Administration measure, and because they are pledged to do so. This is strongly indicated by the appearance of Senator Elkins as the negotiator in behalf of certain clauses for which he can hardly be supposed to entertain great personal enthusiasm. The position of the insurgents is less clear. That their hostility to the bill is partly inspired by the fact that it is an Administration measure, and that the Administration has provoked a general spirit of hostility on their side, is not improbable. But, on the other hand, it has been manifest from the outset that the provisions enlarging the powers of railways, in regard to rate-making and purchase of interest in other railways, were unpopular in the constituencies whence most of the insurgents come. The clause, for instance, providing that, notwithstanding other prohibitions, a railway holding 50 per cent. of another company's stock might be permitted to acquire the rest, was disliked in the West, and by no means understood even in the East.

Political experience suggested the necessity of tact and maintenance of good feeling, if Congressmen from such districts were to be held in line for all provisions of the bill. When, therefore, relations between the doubtful Congressmen and the Administration became so seriously strained, it was not surprising that the clauses in question should have failed of enactment. The more perplexing aspect of the matter is the insurgent hostility to clauses restraining the power of railways to consolidate. In the minority report of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, signed by two insurgent leaders, it was declared in March:

> Section 12 of the bill, as reported by the committee, begins with the laudable attempt to prevent the consolidation or combination of railway lines which "directly and substantially" compete with each other. But before it reaches its end, it not only nullifies the prohibition with which it started out, but actually takes the back track, and if it were to become a part of the law, it is our opinion that consolidations and combinations could be lawfully effected that are now forbidden.

But instead of the "laudable attempt" being now facilitated, through an insurgent amendment striking out the 50 per cent. stock ownership proviso and retaining the general restriction on ownership in other lines, the section as a whole seems to be going by the board. Not only so, but we have just seen the curious spectacle of Senator Elkins laboring to save the prohibitory clauses of Section 12 without the exceptions to which the above-cited report objects, while Senator Nelson of Minnesota opposes the section, root and branch. This is at least an illogical situation, and unless both sides have made up their minds for the complete failure of the Railway Bill, it should seem that some more definite realignment of opinion is inevitable.

When Congress appropriated seventy-five thousand dollars last year for the President's Tariff Board, it builded better than it knew. The Tariff Board at the time was not meant to be taken very seriously; its powers were not defined; the renewal of the appropriation was not guaranteed; the thing was sporadic, extra-legal, and a sop. But within a year a change has come over the spirit of the dream. The tariff, instead of an issue put to sleep, is an issue more alive than ever, and the leaders in Congress, sobered and instructed by the experiences of the last few months, have learned that the time has come to bend before the storm or go down. It was a case of bending before the storm when the House last week appropriated $250,000 for the expenses of the President's Tariff Board, conferring upon it at the same time extensive powers of study and investigation, at home and abroad. We are thus brought measurably nearer to that essential factor in any real revision of the tariff—a tariff commission to supply the groundwork of knowledge and fact upon which Congress may base its action. It means a terrible wrench with the past, a momentous departure from the time-honored system of tariff-making by coöperative plunder. Yet in that direction point the signs of the times.

In his strictures on Mr. Bryan's criticism of the appointment of Gov. Hughes to the Supreme Court, Mr. Taft spoke with emphasis, and yet with the kindliness and candid simplicity characteristic of him. The fact is that Mr. Bryan's attack has fallen particularly flat. It was not only discredited at its source, in view of the hard knocks the candidate of the Denver platform received in 1908 at the hands of Mr. Hughes, but still more because it carried its refutation on its face. Both in the matter of insurance legislation and in the creation of the Public Service Commissions, Mr. Hughes has shown himself to be as far removed as possible from the type of the corporation standpatter against which alone any such criticism as that of Mr. Bryan has force. The accusation of partiality to corporations based on his veto of the two-cent fare bill is merely evidence of shallowness on the part of the accuser; and, what is more, is recognized as such by intelligent persons generally, however radical their political or economic views. The very idea of the public-service commissions is that these questions must be settled by a thoroughgoing inquiry and by a truly competent authority, not by the caprice of the Legislature. Mr. Hughes is preëminently the kind of man whose judgments, in the highest court of the nation, will carry weight with all classes of people, whether rendered in favor of or against the interests of corporations and men of wealth.

In his address before the Nobel Prize Committee at Christiania, Mr. Roosevelt spoke for a world federation, limited at present to the maintenance of peace and with the ability to enforce the decrees of its Arbitration Court by some form of international police action. That is also the proposal now pending in the

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form of specific resolutions before our Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. These call upon the President to appoint a commission of five members to report to Congress a draft of such a federation, and to urge upon other governments this method of relief from military burdens. By the terms of the resolutions the federation draft is to provide that the decrees of its international court shall be executed, if necessary, by the "arms of the federation." Here at least is a practical step forward with infinite possibilities—even of war; but behind the international decree would be the almost irresistible moral power of international opinion. That the peace movement in this country is gathering important impetus is shown by largely increased membership and the number of peace conferences and meetings announced for the next few months. In Europe far-reaching political and social agencies are slowly doing their work. Colossal powers of destruction may, after all, be neutralized by a colossal international will that they shall not be brought into play.

Senator Lorimer, so the reports read, "*may* resign." The news is alarming, when everybody is wondering why he did not resign a week ago. Five members of the Illinois Legislature, including the minority leader of the House, Representative Lee O'Neil Browne, have now been indicted for bribery or perjury, or have confessed their guilt, and Mr. Lorimer has had nothing to say since he denounced as a crazy sensationalist the first who turned State's evidence. When an associate of Senator Lorimer's, the new Senator from Misssissippi, Mr. Percy, found himself in a similar position, he hastened back to his State to confront the legislator who asserted that he had taken a bribe, and announced to everybody that he would not hold his office a minute if there was the slightest taint upon his commission. The Mississippi Legislature confirmed his right to that document, but, not content with this, Senator Percy asked that the matter might be submitted to the voters of the State at a primary, in order that everybody might say whether he should or should not continue to represent Mississippi in Washington. And Senator Lorimer *may* resign! Yet three men have sworn that they took money to elect him.

"Grossly unbusinesslike conduct" is the charge made by the Indian Commissioner against one of Gifford Pinchot's subordinates in the Bureau of Forestry, and if the facts are as stated most people will wish that some dramatic punishment could overtake him even though no criminality attaches to his actions. For eighteen years, the Menominee Indians worked hard at lumbering on their reservation, making a profit of $2,500,000, which, with other revenue, gave them a tribal fund of $3,000,000. Then came a decision to place these lumber-making Indians under the control of the Bureau of Forestry. Edward A. Braniff, a recent graduate of the Yale Forestry School, soon made the money fly. An injurious act passed by Congress cost the Indians about $700,000 of their profits, and then Mr. Braniff helped on the good work. For unnecessary roads, $40,000 was expended; for improving a stream, $50,000. The stream was to have floated logs down to the sawmill erected by Mr. Braniff, but after the $50,000 was expended, 65 per cent. of the logs carelessly declined to float, or lost a large part of their value while in the water—such are the advantages of science when given to Lo! Mr. Braniff's lumber-mill cost $254,700, with a capacity of 48,000,000 feet of lumber, although the law permitted the cutting of only 20,000,000 feet; unnecessary expense here, $129,000. The sawmill being carefully erected alongside of a marsh, $56,000 was spent in piling to make it a good lumber-yard, and $32,000 worth of lumber used in piling will soon have to be replaced.

Now it would be unfair to the Forestry Bureau to condemn it generally for one such ghastly mistake—particularly scandalous because the Government abused a sacred trust when it forced such a loss upon its own wards—but it is just this sort of blundering that is, we believe, responsible for much of the feeling in the West against the Forestry Bureau. With all due regard for Mr. Pinchot's eminent service, which we have always fully appreciated, we believe that abler executives can be found for his office. They may not appeal similarly to the imaginations of the people, nor inaugurate such far-reaching plans of national beneficence, but the opportunity is there, we are convinced, to better the actual working of the service and render it more truly helpful. Mr. Pinchot seems to have relied on Braniff and accepted misinformation precisely as he did in the Ballinger case.

The statement that in the past year five hundred thousand workmen have been injured in this country while performing their daily tasks is appalling, and it is eminently right that the prevention of these accidents should form a chief topic of discussion when the Manufacturers' Convention meets in this city next week. In our rush for material progress the claims of humanity have too often gone unheeded, and it is only when statistics of this startling nature are brought before us that the necessity for radical reform strikes home. The picture of death and suffering which is made plain when we learn that half a million laborers were broken on the wheel of manufacture in one year should arouse a country-wide support of any earnest effort to ameliorate the conditions of work. In the words of one of those who will attend the convention, the "fact that half a million workmen are injured annually in this country is an insult to our intelligence."

The text of the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court upholding the law limiting to ten hours the working day for women "in any mechanical establishment, factory, or laundry," shows that it is far-reaching. The court reversed not only the Circuit Court, but also its own decision of fifteen years ago, when it took the ground that an eight-hour law for women workers was unconstitutional. Now it restricts the freedom of contract in the interest of health, morals, and general welfare. It justifies this regulation of property rights squarely on the ground that the State may exercise its police power with regard to the health, morals, and general welfare of the public. The difference between the law of 1893 and the present law, in the court's eyes, is that the former did not state that its purpose was to promote the health of women, whereas the motive of the act in 1909 was distinctly stated to be to safeguard the health of women employees. If this seems to the layman a fine splitting of hairs, there can be no doubt that the decision is in line with the movement of the day. The court itself, as an additional justification, quotes the saying of

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the Supreme Court, that "law is, or ought to be, a progressive science," based upon "changing conditions of society and the evolution of employment." Naturally, labor circles are delighted, and with reason. It is a special triumph for Mr. Louis D. Brandeis of Boston, who argued the case with unusual skill.

An increase of 20 per cent. in fares for the New York commuter is only another illustration of the way that mysterious force called the increased cost of living impinges upon a class which does not usually come in for the sympathy bestowed upon the "submerged tenth." The commuter as a class goes far towards substantiating the theory held by many psychologists and students of human nature, that humor is a sense of exaltation aroused by the misfortunes of others. That is why the commuter is one of the favorite subjects for the paragrapher and the comic artist. His horticultural misadventures, his hurried breakfasts and late dinners, his sprinting after trains, his paper packages, and his shopping expeditions—all these make up a vast contemporary literature, which, however, only serves to withdraw attention from the sober reality. Actually, the commuter is a man who, between sacrificing the welfare of his children and sacrificing much of his own comfort and convenience, has chosen the latter. To that purpose he travels long hours, denies himself the company of his family, pays more than city prices for food, for service, and, of course, for travel—and gets in return only ridicule. He does not organize into unions and go out on strike, and he does not send lobbyists to Washington to "see" somebody. When the railway company raises commutation rates, he protests, and submits. He has more than his share of troubles and bears them with more than average dignity, even in the presence of hilarious acquaintances who slap him on the back and ask how the rubber-plant is getting on.

A new organization is the Naval History Society. Its object is to collect and make available the vast amount of material bearing on the history of the American merchant marine and the creation and development of the American navy, which is now scattered all over the country in the form of letters, journals, log-books, etc. The headquarters of this organization are to be in New York, with branches in the principal cities. It will not, however, be limited to the experiences of American seamen, but will devote itself to a "wider theme, that of the sailor in all times." The Society ought to have a large membership—the secretary is Robert W. Neeser, No. 1076 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.—for its field is inviting. The story of the merchant marine is yet to be told with fulness and authority. In view of the present disappearance both of our sea-going ships and of the desire of Americans to take to the sea, the more that we can learn about the men who actually carried the flag into all the harbors of the world, the ships they sailed, and the conditions under which they operated, the better it will be for us. In Congress there is, for instance, entirely too strong a feeling that you can legislate about the merchant marine as you could about a railway, and some one ought to bring home to the country the paralyzing effect upon our shipping of the present antiquated navigation laws. We do not say that this should be the function of the Naval History Society; if it merely collects information upon which scientific studies may be based, or with which they may be reinforced, it will more than justify its existence.

If all comets were like this of Halley, a suspicion would arise that the terror of the comet which, we learn, periodically seized upon the mediæval world may have been largely the invention of the monkish chroniclers and wood-engravers of the time; those quaint cuts of people huddled together on the hilltops under a sky ablaze with the path of the awful visitor would be classed as imaginative. For if it is necessary to get up at 3 A. M. and stare hard at the eastern sky and call eagerly upon one's fancy before a comet can be sighted, how did the mediæval peasant ever manage to break his slumber, after a day of dreadful toil, to go staring at the sky, and how did he ever get himself sufficiently awake to be in any measure impressed? Is it Anatole France who proved that the midnight highwayman is really a great force for morality, since his victims are as a rule men who make their way home in the small hours befuddled with drink and debauchery? The only persons subject to the terror of this comet are men like the hero of Bronson Howard's play, who says, "I remember the prayers my mother taught me, and I say them every morning before I go to bed."

The earthquake at Cartago will serve to recall the part played by the consideration of danger from that source, in determining the location of the Isthmian canal. The Nicaragua route had been all but definitely chosen, when at the eleventh hour a reconsideration was effected; and among the arguments that brought about the final conclusion perhaps none played so decisive a part as that of the great liability of the Nicaraguan region to earthquake. This consideration was presented to the committee with great force by the late Prof. Angelo Heilprin, an authority on the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes, and very probably turned the scale in favor of Panama. The present site of the canal is far from what is known as the earthquake belt, and the upheaval of last Thursday, near the region which experience had shown to be extremely subject to these disturbances, should remind us of the wisdom of taking thought in matters of such moment.

The Kaiser's recent warning against excessive beer-drinking is surprising both for its form—a letter to a young student at Freiburg University, who is not even of the nobility—and its contents. True, the Kaiser some years ago made it good form for officers to drink his health in water at official banquets, and he has in his own private life set an admirable example, not of abstinence, but of moderate indulgence in beer and wines. This preachment is of enormous importance, however, in that it is aimed at those corps students to whom life at a university means chiefly all-day beer-drinking. The temperance movement in Germany is making rapid strides, as it was bound to do. The most efficient of industrial nations, Germany is sure to find out not only that excessive beer-drinking dulls the intellect and injures the physique, but that even what many Germans have regarded as moderate regular drinking has that effect. Employers of labor who have utilized the services of North German and South German workers do not hesitate to say that the wits of the former are quicker and clearer, and to lay the difference to the greater beer-drinking in the South.

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THE DEATH OF EDWARD VII.

The death of King Edward has come with startling suddenness, and at a moment when it constitutes a political event of unmistakable importance. At no other time in the course of his nine years' reign would his departure from the scene have aroused speculation at all comparable in keenness and interest with that which is to-day filling the minds not only of his own people, but of all who are interested in the affairs of England. Yet his activities since he ascended the throne have been of far from insignificant importance. Although the expectations have not been realized of those who looked forward to the exercise on his part of great influence upon the conduct of home affairs, his influence has been a leading factor in the external relations of the Empire. The *entente cordiale* with France is acknowledged to have been chiefly his work, and to his activities the improved relation between England and Russia is largely due. Indeed, in the case of every country except Germany with which England has important contact, King Edward's tact, his skill as a man of the world, his knowledge of men and familiarity with the world's affairs have been instrumental in bringing about or consolidating good relations. And it is probably with justice that he is credited with a most important share in promoting the establishment of that excellent condition of feeling in South Africa which, at the end of so short a period after a desperate war, has become one of the finest monuments of British statesmanship. If the words attributed to him in the dispatches—"It is all over, but I think I have done my duty"—were uttered by him as he felt the end approaching, it is upon this record of true and high service to his country and to the world that his thoughts may have been dwelling.

And if in the domain of home politics King Edward failed to make a significant impression, the criticisms that in these last weeks have been passed upon him on that account may serve quite as well to remind us of the enlarged estimate now placed upon the possibilities of the throne as to point to any deficiency on the part of its recent occupant. Thirty or forty years ago the customary view of British royalty—in this country at all events—was that the sovereign served as a figure-head, or at most as a symbol in which the sentiment of loyalty and patriotism might find a centre. In the later portion of Queen Victoria's reign this notion underwent a marked change. It came to be recognized more and more that while all power was ostensibly in the hands of the Ministry, there were many ways in which the personal influence of the sovereign might make itself substantially felt, and that the extent of this influence was largely a question of the personal force of the King or Queen. King Edward quite fulfilled this idea of the power of the crown so far as regards foreign relations; and if he fell short of its possibilities in the domain of home statesmanship, that is hardly more than saying he was not a man of commanding qualities. Of such qualities no one ever supposed him to be the possessor. He was an all-round man of the world, a gentleman of tact and shrewdness; of kindliness and courtesy—such a type of man as to command the good will and esteem of the English people, in spite of any faults or weaknesses which during his life as Prince of Wales he may have displayed. This combination of qualities might go far in many matters; but it is not surprising that it was unequal to the task of making the King a decisive factor in the Constitutional crisis which his departure leaves approaching its climax.

With the passing away of King Edward, there disappears almost the last of the conspicuous figures associated with that great epoch in the story of England which will go down to history as the Victorian age. Whether his death will be pointed to hereafter as marking the beginning of an era departing profoundly in character from that covered by the three-quarters of a century over which his mother's reign and his own extended, is a question on which conjecture may take a wide range. In the opinion of the most earnest and serious-minded of those who are opposing the contemplated reduction of the powers of the House of Lords, the question to be decided in the coming Parliamentary elections is in essence that of conferring upon the House of Commons virtually unlimited power. But, whether or not it is expressed in the words, or even consciously entertained in the minds, of these objectors, what is really at the bottom of their fears is a knowledge of the kind of legislation which an unrestricted single-chamber government might, in these times, at any moment make possible. The working of the Socialist leaven has wrought a great change. There is no doubt that the essential conservatism of the English people still persists; but it cannot be reckoned on as of old to withstand firmly, in all situations, the onset of any sudden and powerful wave of radical innovation. "Where Freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent" does not reflect the ideal of the typical English mind by any means as accurately as it did when Tennyson wrote the line. And so it is easy to understand that men who have been brought up in the Victorian traditions of conservative progress feel profound misgivings at the possibility of radical innovation brought about by a House of Commons acting on a single real or supposed mandate of the people, unchecked by any body specifically representing the forces of conservatism or the ancient traditions of the country.

What influence the death of King Edward will have upon the Constitutional question soon to come before the people for decision cannot be foretold. Though the new King is in his forty-fifth year, he has been little in the public eye; and, furthermore, the effect of the change from heir-apparent to King is proverbially uncertain. In the present instance, no such transformation as that which turned Prince Hal into Henry V is called for; the Prince of Wales is known as a man of serious mind and sober character. He assumes the crown at a time when, if he possesses the right qualities, it may be permitted to the monarch to play a memorable part in the settlement of a great Constitutional question. Certain it is that the affectionate reverence in which Englishmen hold the memory of Victoria, and the popularity and good will which have been enjoyed by Edward, will insure to King George, as he ascends the throne, the sincere and loyal good wishes of the nation.

PROGRESS IN CHINA.

The recent presence among us of the brother of a Prince and the uncle of an Emperor who rules over 400,000,000 souls has naturally renewed the ancient talk of what will happen to civilization and the Western world when these 400,000,000 souls set to doing whatever it is that they are just about to do. The

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most obvious duty of a nation of 400,000,000 people, according to our enlightened Occidental standards, is to build up an army bigger than all of Christendom's combined, and to lose no time in making use of it. It is China's future army, rather than her future Constitution or her future administrative and financial reforms, that has been declared to be the destined instrument of China's regeneration.

As the head of China's armed forces, Prince Tsai-Taó is now circling the world for the purpose of studying its military systems; and his journey is quite in the Chinese tradition. The dispatching of gorgeous and highly expensive missions for purposes of foreign study is one of the principal occupations of the Peking Government. It is the complement to the frequent publication of elaborate reform edicts at home, both ceremonials in conjunction serving to create an impression of progress which the facts hardly justify. All that Prince Tsai-Tao and his suite will learn of Western military methods, the Chinese Government might have learned by calling into requisition the services of a few Japanese and German officers, just as a few years ago it might have purchased a copy of the Constitutions of the different nations of the West, with a few authoritative commentaries on each, instead of sending a very distinguished and large mission to study governmental problems abroad. But of course the object of such missions is much less to learn than to make friends for China by showing her willingness to learn. In that there is nothing reprehensible. China needs friends, and if she can win them by elaborate use of the press-agent's art, she is welcome to do so.

And the outside world, if public opinion in this country can be taken as an index, has duly succumbed to the press-agent's arts. It is not that we have been unwilling to be impressed. Unselfish and selfish reasons have combined to make many people hope that all that has been said of China's awakening might be true. In the first place, it appeals to the dramatic sense to have a nation of 400,000,000 people leap out of the sleep of several thousand years into the full blaze of modern life. And in the second place, perhaps there is something in this talk of the unlimited quantities of cotton goods and railway ties, and possibly Dreadnoughts and machine guns, which the Chinese are sure to clamor for when they wake up. The average man does not deal in subtleties. His reasoning, for instance, in matters of international politics is largely geographical. If Japan has modernized itself in fifty years and won a great war, why cannot China, which is only a few hundred miles away, do the same? The argument is not far different from saying that if everybody in France speaks French, why cannot the English, who live only forty miles away, do the same. It does not matter that in race psychology and in the entire nature of their civilization and their social organism, the Japanese and Chinese stand almost at opposite poles. Japan has become modern and China is unmistakably breathing in the modern spirit; but to speak of the new China, with her Parliaments and her armed tens of millions, as a matter of next year or even the next ten years is absurd.

There are half-a-dozen things which the facile orator on the magnificent horizons that are opening up in China might do well to remember. He might start by recalling that Rome was not built in a day. He might pass on to the much broader principle that no nation was ever modernized and constitutionalized into something alien to its own nature, and that a constitutionalized and modernized China would still be a laborious, peace-loving, heavily-progressive China. But it would be of most use, perhaps, to take to heart a specific caution or two: and first, the fact so frequently insisted upon by the writers on China and so frequently overlooked by nearly everybody else—the fact that China is not, in practice, a single government, but a fairly lax confederation of provinces, none of which would probably think of cutting loose from Peking, and none of which would dream of obeying orders from Peking unless it suited its own purpose to do so. Such manifestations of strength as China has shown since its defeat by Japan fifteen years ago have been local manifestations. In Shan-tung, the viceroy Yuan-shi-kai built up a fairly efficient army. In the Hoang-ho provinces, a viceroy has developed mines and arsenals. In Canton, a viceroy has cast a favorable eye on the reformers. Before the new China can threaten the peace of the world, she must solve the problem of making eighteen semi-independent provinces, each as large as a kingdom, march in something like common step.

Progress in China there undeniably is. The long succession of reform edicts means something. The rush of the Chinese youth to the foreign universities means a good deal. The growth of a native press has been rapid indeed. South China especially has caught more than the echoes of Western revolutionary traditions. The Marseillaise has been translated and adapted to local needs. John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer are eagerly read. Washington and Napoleon, "the two sons of Liberty," are frequently invoked. Among the more sober classes, the gentry and magistrates, the spirit of nationalism has also made progress. Nevertheless, these are but faint beginnings. We are still far away from the China that will threaten the peace of the world with its ten million armed men, or sweep clean the markets of the world by its vast purchases of cotton goods.

AN INSPIRING CAREER.

The celebration of Dr. Abraham Jacobi's eightieth birthday by the New York State Medical Society was only one of many extraordinary tributes to the man and the physician. His half-century of service in Mount Sinai Hospital is in itself quite unparalleled, if one considers in connection with its length the devotion, the skill, and the science that have accompanied it. But as was shown ten years ago, at the public demonstrations upon his seventieth birthday, it is impossible to laud the physician or man of science alone. Inevitably, there has been celebrated as well Abraham Jacobi, the broad-minded, far-seeing, patriotic citizen, always a sturdy force for good government, always a leader in philanthropic and humanitarian enterprises, albeit so modestly that too few have realized the extent of this man's usefulness to the community, or the value of the example he has set to his profession and to the lay world.

To say that Dr. Jacobi, like his closest personal friend, Carl Schurz, was a product of the German revolution of 1848 is to explain fully both his idealism and his breadth of view. Never was there a popular uprising inspired by higher or more unselfish aims, or conceived in a purer spirit of humanity.

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It was the fine flower of that wave of liberalism and democracy that swept over Europe in the forties, the effects of which are not yet spent. The failure to upset the German monarchies was America's gain, since it sent to this country as exiles a host of men like Schurz, Jacobi, Blenker, and Sigel, who brought to their new allegiance all that passionate devotion and loyalty which they had lavished so freely on their lost cause. Dr. Jacobi paid dearly for his devotion to liberty; he spent his nineteenth and twentieth years in prison —a part of the time in darkness and in chains. Of this he has often complained, but only on the ground that it interrupted his medical studies! Certain it is that this hard and trying experience of early manhood, so far from crushing him, only fortified his character. It taught him, perhaps, the measure of his own soul, and discovered to him that his reliance was not upon the praise of men, but upon the praise of his own conscience. Imprisoning people for their opinions has almost gone out of fashion, except in Russia. If the lonely self-communion of the cell forges out such characters as Dr. Jacobi's, it would almost make one wish to turn back the hands of time.

But, after all, the elements of Dr. Jacobi's character were developed before the introspection of those lonely prison hours, with their nearby possibility of ignoble death. Love of truth, devotion to science, self-dedication to the general welfare, led him to that place, as they led many another; and in Dr. Jacobi they have never been shaken. With this broad foundation a narrow outlook, particularly in professional matters, was never possible. None of the many lessons of his life is more valuable for the younger generation of physicians than his refusal to lose himself in his profession, his unwillingness to look upon humanity as only so much surgical material. At the dinner given in his honor on his seventieth birthday, soon after the war with Spain, he declared that he had no "enthusiasm for the doctor who is occasionally puffed for leaving his humane work to participate in the killing, nor for the injustice of history, that mentions a thousand generals to one physician." And from the physician who is in practice to make money Dr. Jacobi is as far removed as are the poles from one another.

To appraise fully his services to medicine, particularly in the noble field of children's diseases, is not for laymen. But we may venture to dwell upon his great work as a teacher. There has been lecturing in this city of late a teacher from Balliol to whom some of England's greatest men go for advice and counsel before shaping the destinies of the nation. He is puffed by no newspapers; he has denied himself by his teaching the time to write the great historical works of which all scholars know him capable. He finds in his teaching complete satisfaction; the opportunity of moulding men who mould the world is all he asks. In his sphere Dr. Jacobi has been much the same. The number of his students is legion; who can estimate the effect upon them of the character of their teacher, of what Carl Schurz called his "personification of scientific conscience and personification of civic conscience"? When he landed fifty-seven years ago, American medical literature was at its beginning; if there were notable teachers, the students were ordinarily immature and but half prepared. Against the tendency to become a specialist without first being a physician, Dr. Jacobi's voice has ever been raised, and he has likewise opposed the separation of research laboratories from hospitals and of researchers from students. A great teacher, he knew long ago that men learn best through teaching; that he who would press forward into realms of undiscovered science advances best in company with young, fresh minds thirsting for knowledge of every kind.

So New York, we think, honors itself by honoring Dr. Jacobi. Had he accepted the professorship in Berlin once offered him by that same Government that had loaded him with chains, the Kaiser would now be the first to honor him, and the world of science and letters would be donning its dress-suit and driving down *Unter den Linden* to pay its respect, while the students would be planning a torch-light procession. We have not yet reached the point where we properly gauge or reward the services of scholars. We still listen too readily to the politician's sneer at the "closet philosopher," but a different time is coming. Dr. Jacobi, at least, has seen, during his long public service, a great change for the better, but others than he will know just how much he has himself contributed to it by professional faith, loyalty, and unselfishness.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

A former Rhodes scholar, now a Fellow at Oxford, attempts in the last number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* an estimate of what has been accomplished in the first six years of the Rhodes Foundation. The trustees of the Fund have refrained from passing judgment on the merits of the scheme. Their annual reports deal with bald statements of fact. Evidently, they feel that "the time is not yet ripe for telling how far the scheme is carrying out the objects which Mr. Rhodes had in view." The unofficial world, however, is more impatient; the silence of the trustees has been interpreted by some people to mean dissatisfaction or the acknowledgment of failure. The present article tries to show that there has been neither striking failure nor striking success. In other words, the trustees are justified in believing that the time has not yet come for casting a balance. It is a somewhat disillusioning account, and one would be tempted to ascribe it in large measure to the disintegrating influence of the English climate upon an ardent Colonial temperament. But the tone is fair and sober and the story carries the impression of truth.

The influence of the Rhodes scholars upon Oxford has been exaggerated. We are reminded that the Rhodes scholars in residence at any given time cannot exceed 180 men in a college community of three thousand. In addition, these 180 men are distributed among the various colleges and meet as a body only once a year at the Rhodes scholars' banquet. Our writer is rather tempted into hair-splitting when he argues that "as Rhodes scholars their influence can be practically *nil*, whatever may be their influence as *individuals* upon the small circle of undergraduates with which they come into contact." The fact remains that the individual is a Rhodes scholar with all the qualities of foreign birth, training, and outlook that fact connotes. It is even open to question whether the lodging of all the Rhodes scholars in a single college would ultimately affect conditions at Oxford as the present method of casting the seed wide is likely to do. Of effects already visible, the first is a tendency to accel-

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erate, "however slightly," the movement towards a democratization of the University at large. The movement originated before the advent of the Rhodes scholars, "but the fact that they do come up to the University filled with the new ideal, enables them to press forward the general movement of their age and generation." And utilitarianism runs parallel with democracy. The scope of University teaching will be widened to meet the needs of the new men from across the seas. A School of Rural Economy has been established and Rhodes scholars have taken courses in Forestry there. A School of Domestic Economy is under discussion.

What does Oxford do for the Rhodes scholar? Well, in the first place, let the patriot's hot heart be at rest; the Rhodes scholar "is not really anglicised to any serious extent or taught to despise the country of his origin." Of 82 Americans, 81 have returned home, and one has accepted a university appointment in England. Those Americans who have returned have taken back with them chiefly "a higher conception of sport." Not that this implies any "inherent moral superiority in the English undergraduate." It is simply a difference between playing for exercise and playing to win. And while this makes British sport truer to its name, the fact is by no means a cause of unmitigated satisfaction to the Englishman. "The primary cause is that absence of enthusiasm for any ideal, be it great or small, which is settling like a blight upon the whole of English life." Here, evidently, our Colonial has caught just the tone in which it is fashionable for Englishmen nowadays to speak of themselves.

But however indifferent in the matter of winning games, a good many Englishmen still go in for hard work at their books; whereas the Rhodes men, our present writer insists, do not. A vast majority of them come up with the fixed intention of making the most of their opportunities and fail to do so. It is not enough that they should do as well as the average undergraduate. Being picked men, they should do better. If they do not, it is for various reasons. Compulsory Greek is one. The Oxford climate is another. But perhaps the most serious is the failure of the average Rhodes scholar to make use of his vacations. To do well at Oxford, one must read between terms, whereas the American Rhodes men in particular have gone in for Continental travel. "Many of them appear to look upon the Rhodes scholarship primarily in the light of an endowment for selected tourists from the United States." A bitter touch this, but in place; and the point is driven in again: "One may affirm without much fear of contradiction that the Rhodes scholars would do well to refrain from regarding themselves quite so prominently as students of mankind at large."

Evidently, then, we are still in the experimental stage; and particularly so when we recall what was the main object of the bequest. Cecil Rhodes was not interested primarily in what the Rhodes scholars would do for Oxford or Oxford for the Rhodes scholars, but what the two in combination could do to promote the cause of Imperial and English-speaking fellowship. To judge of the success or failure of a Rhodes scholar from this point of view, we must look for him not in the examination schools or in the Oxford boat, but fifteen or twenty years later, on his native soil and in the life's work he has chosen for himself. The results may show only in the second generation. And even then it may be very hard to distinguish between the effects of the Rhodes scholarship and the general movement towards a closer knowledge and understanding among the nations.

MARK TWAIN.

I.

No American writer has ever enjoyed a more purely democratic reputation than Mark Twain. From village celebrity to international renown, he has been advanced stage after stage by popular suffrage. The plain, unbookish burgess holding both his sides at a public lecture has helped roar him into eminence. The freckled, brown-legged pirate who finds Tom Sawyer nearer to his business and his bosom than Robinson Crusoe has played no negligible part in the campaign. The vote of the retired merchant reading "A Tramp Abroad" in preparation for a European holiday told decisively in his favor before the tardy voice of the professional critic assented. When an overwhelming majority of his fellow countrymen had established his position, the universities recognized the fact, so that one day not long ago, he strolled into the Sheldonian Theatre, clad in scarlet, and, after a "very satisfactory hurrah" from the audience, was created doctor of letters by the University of Oxford.

During the last few years of his life, he attained a still higher honor. It is to be hoped that no one will attempt to distinguish the customary "three periods" of his development, because, contrary to custom, he was essentially the same in all parts of his career. One may distinguish, however, three aspects of his reputation. Like a political orator making his maiden speech or invading hostile territory, he broke through the reserve of his audience with a string of irresistible stories. Handicapped by uproarious laughter, he produced two or three pieces of fiction which demanded serious attention; but his leonine head had grown gray before he lived down his record as a "platform humorist." At his seventieth birthday, he obtained a reconsideration of his case, and the highest tribunals decided that he indubitably belonged in the history of literature, if, indeed, he was not the "foremost American man of letters." After that, national feeling about him crystallized rapidly. He appeared in white flannels in midwinter, declaring that white was the only wear for a man with seventy clean years behind him; we were significantly pleased. After our newspapers had made one of their little breaks, he sent word to us that the reports of his death were "greatly exaggerated." It was a phrase that we all envied, from the President down; we saw that he was no mere literary man—he was a public man. When he died, we abandoned the last reservation. We said with one voice: He was an American.

To the foreign critic this ultimate tribute may seem perplexingly cheap and anticlimactic. That is, of course, due to the mistaken notion that we number some four score millions of Americans. As a matter of fact, we number our Americans on our ten fingers; the rest of us are merely citizens of the United States. Any one who will take a little pains with the alphabet may become a citizen; to become an American demands other talents. We are more than doubtful about Washington. Lowell said that Lincoln was the first American, but he forgot Franklin. There have been one or two since Lincoln's time. From certain indications, it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt might turn out to be an American. Only the other day, he sent us a message to this effect: "I know that the American people will agree that I could have acted in no other way than I did act." The American is a man of destiny. His word and deed flow inevitably out of the American character. On the one hand, he does a thing because it is right; on the other hand, the thing is right because he does it. Revising the thought of Henry V, we may say, Nice customs curtsy to great Americans.

II.

The point is strikingly illustrated by a story which Mark Twain tells on himself in one of the chapters of his auto-

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biography. It was in 1877, before a company including all the leading geniuses of New England, banqueting in honor of Whittier's birthday. When Mark Twain's turn came, he rose and entered upon a fictitious "reminiscence." Out in southern California he had knocked at a miner's cabin, and announced himself as a literary man. The miner replied with marked ill-humor that he had just got rid of three of them, "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—consound the lot. . . . Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red headed; Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prizefighter. . . . They had been drinking, I could see that." And so on.

At the words "consound the lot," Twain had expected a peal of laughter, but to his amazement "the expression of interest in the faces turned to a sort of black frost." The whole story was a dismal failure; it was years before the author recovered from the shame of it. Speaking as a mere reader of Lamb, Jane Austen, Thackeray, O. W. Holmes, I am not in the least surprised at the New England frost. I know very well that Congreve or Addison or George Meredith would have agreed with the New England geniuses that Mark Twain's reminiscence was a piece of crude, heavy, intellectual horse-play—an impudent affront offered to Puritan aristocracy by a rough-handed plebeian jester from Missouri. But hear Mark Twain thirty years later:

> I have read it twice, and unless I am an idiot, it hasn't a single defect in it from the first word to the last. It is just as good as can be. It is smart; it is saturated with humor. There isn't a suggestion of coarseness or vulgarity in it anywhere. What could have been the matter with that house? . . . If I had those beloved and revered old literary immortals back here . . . I would melt them till they'd run all over that stage!

In his mellow Indian summer Mark Twain himself grew conscious that he had become an American. He knew, therefore, that the speech was right, *because he had made it.* I confess to a doubt whether those "old literary immortals" would laugh at it even now; if they would not, as a countryman of Lincoln I should be ashamed of them. The man who cannot laugh with Twain must be either better or worse than the "overwhelming majority" of his fellow-citizens. To accept him is almost equivalent to accepting the American flag. When once you have sworn allegiance, you may find fault with both for the rest of your life without impeachment of your patriotism. "I paint myriads of heads," cried Walt Whitman, "but I paint no head without its nimbus of gold-colored light." He was prophesying the golden mean, which he called the "divine average," and which he knew was actually rarer than either extreme. He was prophesying Mark Twain. "Who are you, indeed," he exclaims, "who would talk or sing in America?" The antiphonal voice replies:

> I swear I will have each quality of my race in myself,
> Talk as you like, he only suits These States whose manners favor the audacity and sublime turbulence of The States.

III.

Humor, it is agreed, consists in contrasts and incongruities, and the essence of Mark Twain's most characteristic humor consists in contrasting this typical, nimbused American, compacted of golden mediocrities, against the world—consists in showing the incongruity of the rest of the world with this nimbused American. It necessarily follows that the heights and depths of humor are beyond the reaches of Mark Twain's soul. It necessarily follows that his laughter is burly, not fine; broad, not profound; national, not universal. When he that sitteth in the heavens laughs, he is not contrasting the year 1910 with the year 1300, nor the President of the United States with Louis XVI, nor the uncrowned sovereigns of Missouri with the serfs of Russia, Germany, or England. The comparison is intolerable—let us mark a lowlier difference. When Puck in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," looking out upon the bewildered lovers exclaims, "Lord, what fools these mortals be"; when Titania, waking from magical sleep, murmurs drowsily, "Methought I was enamoured of an ass"—the mirth of these subtle creatures is kindled by the contrast between sentimental and bottom humanity, respectively, and the exquisite manners and passions of elfland. If Twain had written the play, he would have put Puck into overalls and Titania into a hoop-skirt. For he ignored the ethereal hunger which troubled the creator of Falstaff, and never entered into the secret laughter of the idealist. Let us descend once more. It is said that the last book Mark Twain read was Carlyle's "French Revolution." I suppose he loved it incidentally for its picturesque and savage energy, but mainly because it proclaims that a man's a man for all that. He shows traces both of its style and of its central thought in his own work. But so far as I know, he never shows a trace of its heart-searching irony, of that universal world-humor which arises when the upstart, red-blooded pageant of time's latest hour is confronted with the grim, dim phantasms of eternity—

> Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded, only fable expecting that he will waken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships, but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Tow-head (Tête d'étoupes) now needs no combing; Iron-cutter (Taillefer) cannot cut a cobweb; shrill Fredegonda, shrill Brunhilda, have had out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy cooled. . . . They are all gone; sunk—down, down with the tumult they made; and the rolling and trampling of ever new generations passes over them; and they hear it not any more forever.

Carlyle makes ducks and drakes of Charlemagne and shrill Fredegonda, but he laughs with a by-gone eternity. When Whitman asks that stupendous question, "Whom have you slaughtered lately, European headsman?" millions of strange shadows tend on him. He, too, is a humorist, and a grave one. He makes ducks and drakes of the "old literary immortals," for he laughs with an eternity to come. Mark Twain cannot be persuaded that we are such stuff as dreams are made of; looking neither before nor after, he laughs with the present hour; and he cannot stand the comparison.

IV.

Not by his subtlety, then, nor his depth, nor his elevation, but by his understanding and his unflinching assertion of the ordinary self of the ordinary American did Mark Twain become our "foremost man of letters."

He was geographically an American; he knew his land and its idioms at first hand—Missouri, the Mississippi River and its banks, Nevada, California, New England, New York, the great cities. It is insufficiently recognized that to love one's country intelligently one must know its body, as well as its mind. He had the good fortune to be born in the West; so that, of course, he had to go East—otherwise he might, instead of becoming an American, have remained a mere Bostonian or New Yorker all his life, and never have learned to love Chicago and San Francisco at all. At various times and places, he was pilot, printer, editor, reporter, miner, lecturer, author, and publisher. But during the first half of his life, he went most freely with "powerful uneducated persons, and with the young, and with the mothers of families." The books in which he embodies his early experiences—"Tom Sawyer," "Roughing It," "Huckleberry Finn"—are almost entirely delightful. They breathe the spirit of eternal boyhood, they are richly provincial, they spring out of the fresh earth. There is a touch of melodrama in the first and more than a touch of farce in the last, but in the main, they are as native as a bluff to the Mississippi or a pine tree to a red spur of the Rockies.

It is when an American carries his virtues abroad that the lines of his character become salient. Mark Twain was a self-made man, of small Latin and

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less Greek, indifferent to abstractions, deficient in historical sympathy and imagination, insensitive to delicate social differences, content and at home in modern workaday realities. I confess with great apprehension that I do not much care for his books of foreign travel. Like the story told on Whittier's birthday, they are "smart and saturated with humor"; but for some almost indefinable reason my emotions fail to enter into the spirit of the occasion. An uneasy doubt about the point of view binds my mirth as with a "black frost." I find myself concerned for my fellow-citizen, the author behind the books; beneath the surface gayety the whole affair seems to be of appalling seriousness for us both. Ostensibly light-hearted burlesques of the poetical and sentimental volumes of travel, these books are in reality an amazingly faithful record of the way Europe and the Orient strike the "divine average"—the typical American—the man for whom the world was created in 1776. Wandering through exhumed Pompeii, he peoples its solemn ruins with the American proletariat, and fancies that he sees upon the walls of its theatre the placard, "Positively No Free List, Except Members of the Press." He digresses from an account of the ascent of Vesuvius to compare the prices of gloves, linen shirts, and dress suits in Paris and in Italy. At length arrived at the summit of the mountain, he describes its crater as a "circular ditch"; some of the party light their cigars in the fissures; he descends, observing that the volcano is a poor affair when compared with Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands. He visits the Parthenon in the night; obviously, the memorable feature of the expedition was robbing the vineyards on the way back to the ship. The most famous picture galleries of Europe are hung with "celebrated rubbish"; the immemorial Mosque of St. Sophia is the "mustiest barn in heathendom"; the Sea of Gallilee is nothing to Lake Tahoe. The Mississippi pilot, homely, naïve, arrogantly candid, refuses to sink his identity in the object contemplated—that, as Corporal Nym would have said, is the humor of it. He is the kind of travelling companion that makes you wonder why you went abroad. He turns the Old World into a laughing-stock by shearing it of its storied humanity—simply because there is nothing in him to respond to the glory that was Greece, to the grandeur that was Rome—simply because nothing is holier to him than a joke. He does not throw the comic light upon counterfeit enthusiasm; he laughs at art, history, and antiquity from the point of view of one who is ignorant of them and mightily well satisfied with his ignorance. And, unless I am very much mistaken, the "overwhelming majority" of his fellow-citizens—those who made the success of "Innocents Abroad" and "A Tramp Abroad"—have laughed with him, not at him. So, too, unquestionably, in the nearly parallel case of that bludgeoning burlesque, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court."

V.

What endears a public man to us is what he has in common with us—not his occasional supereminences. It does not damage Franklin to say that he was not so graceful as Lord Chesterfield; nor Lincoln to say that he was not so handsome as Count D'Orsay; nor Mr. Roosevelt to say that one misses in his literary style I know not what that one finds in the style of Walter Savage Landor. Writing from Khartum, the hunter tells us that, in consequence of hard service in camp, his pigskin books were "stained with blood, sweat, gun oil, dust, and ashes." We have a mystical feeling that this is very appropriate and beautiful—that a good American's books ought to be stained with gun oil and ashes. "Fear grace—fear delicatesse," cries the author of "Chants Democratic." It does not damage Mark Twain to say that there was not a drop of the aristocrat in his veins.

In politics he was an intelligent but unspeculative democrat, committed to the principles of the preamble to the Constitution, preserving a tang of Tom Paine's contempt for kings, and not without a suggestion of the republican insolence caricatured by Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit." I do not think that he gave a "square deal" either to Europe or to the Arthurian realm; but within his own territory he had a very genuine sense of the brotherhood of man. He was not, like some more exquisite men of letters, a democrat in his study and a snob in his drawing-room; he was of the people and for the people at all times. His tender regard for the social contract permeated his humor. It will be remembered that Pudd'nhead Wilson earned his nickname and ruined his chances as a lawyer for twenty years by an incomprehensible remark about a howling dog. "I wish I owned half of that dog," said Wilson. "Why?" somebody asked. "Because I would kill my half." No one understood him—the sensitive, symbolic democracy of the expression was too compact for their intelligence, and they fell into a delicious discussion of how one-half could be killed without injury to the other half. That, to be sure, is also one of the problems of democracy; but Wilson's implications were, I believe, both simpler and deeper than that. In not molesting another man's dog he showed the American reverence for property. The American desire to be moderately well-to-do (Mr. Roosevelt's "neither rich nor poor") he indicated by desiring to own only half the dog. In saying that he would kill his half he expressed his sacred and inalienable right to dispose of his own property as he chose, while at the same time he recognized his neighbor's sacred and inalienable right to let his half of the property howl. Indeed, I am not sure that he did not recognize that the dog itself had a certain property right in howling.

With almost every qualification for a successful political career, Mark Twain could never have aspired to the Presidency, for he was not a regular attendant at church—a shortcoming, by the way, which interfered seriously with Mr. Taft's campaign till his former pastor testified in the public prints that the candidate had once at a church social taken the part of a fairy. In religion, Twain appeared to be a mugwump, or, more classically speaking, an agnostic over whom had fallen the shadow of Robert Ingersoll of pious memory. The irreligion of that generation is touched with a raw, philistine rationalism, but is thoroughly honest. Like all Americans, the author of "Tom Sawyer" received his religious culture in the Sunday-school, but stumbled over the book of Genesis and kindred difficulties, and was "emancipated." The loss of faith which, in proper conditions, is a terrible bereavement, was to him a blessed relief; when the God of the Sunday-school and the camp meeting ceases to terrify, he ordinarily becomes a deadly bore. Having never known the magnificent poetry of faith, he never felt the magnificent melancholy of unbelief. His experience was typical, however, and his very unspirituality was social. In his examination of Christian Science, he admitted that every man is entitled to his own favorite brand of insanity, and insisted that he himself was as insane as anybody. That was enough to assure most of us that he was sound on "all essentials."

"Be good and you will be lonesome" is, I suppose, one of Mark Twain's most widely quoted utterances on moral topics. At first thought, one may wonder why this apparently Bohemian apothegm should have taken such hold upon the heart of a nation which above all things else adores virtue. But the difficulty disappears the instant one reflects that these seven words express as in a nutshell precisely the kind and temper of virtue that the nation adores. Like Wilson's observation on the dog, the saying is cryptic and requires explication. Twain tells us in his autobiography that when he was a boy his mother always allowed about thirty per cent. on what he said for "embroidery" and so "struck his average." The saying means, as I take it, first of all, Don't lose your sense of humor as those do who become intatuated with their own particular hobbies in goodness. Calculate to keep about in the middle of the road, but make allowance for all rea-

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sonable shades of difference in taste and opinion. Don't be too good or you will find yourself in a barren and uninfluential minority of one. In America, whatever is not social is not virtue. When he put his shoulder under the debts of his bankrupt publishing house, the author of the apothegm himself explained its meaning. Natively fond of strong language, careless of peccadilloes, tolerant of all human frailties though he was—kin-making touches of nature—his feet were "mortised and tenoned" in domestic rectitude and common morality.

"We cannot live always on the cold heights of the sublime—the thin air stifles"—I have forgotten who said it. We cannot flush always with the high ardor of the signers of the Declaration, nor remain at the level of the address at Gettysburg, nor cry continually, "O Beautiful! My country!" Yet, in the long dull interspaces between these sacred moments we need some one to remind us that we are a nation. For in the dead vast and middle of the years insidious foes are stirring—anæmic refinements, cosmopolitan decadencies, the egotistic and usurping pride of great cities, the cold sickening of the heart at the reiterated exposures of giant fraud and corruption. When our countrymen migrate because we have no kings or castles, we are thankful to any one who will tell us what we can count on. When they complain that our soil lacks the humanity essential to great literature, we are grateful even for the firing of a national joke heard round the world. And when Mark Twain, robust, big-hearted, gifted with the divine power to use words, makes us all laugh together, builds true romances with prairie fire and Western clay, and shows us that we are at one on all the main points, we feel that he has been appointed by Providence to see to it that the precious ordinary self of the Republic shall suffer no harm.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill.

Correspondence.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the most famous Cabinet meetings of which there are records is the meeting of September 22, 1862, at which the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation was read and discussed before its issuance—a meeting which Mr. Rhodes characterizes as "a point in the history of civilization." The amount of printed evidence upon it is small. Chase's Diary affords illuminating details, and the Diary of Gideon Welles (*Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1909, p. 369) corroborates Chase's longer and more vivid record. Having had occasion recently to read Mr. Welles's Diary with care, I have been puzzled over some features of the text which records the doings of the well-known meeting. Students of the war period are well aware that Nicolay and Hay had access to the original manuscript of the Welles Diary, at least in places; and these authors print the passage giving the account of this meeting. If record of Nicolay and Hay may be taken as correct, the text in the *Atlantic Monthly* would indicate rather a ruthless editorial hand. The two accounts follow:

A special Cabinet meeting. The subject was the proclamation for emancipating the slaves, after a certain date, in States that shall then be in rebellion. For several weeks the subject has been suspended, but the President says never lost sight of. When it was submitted, and now in taking up the proclamation, the President stated that the question was finally decided,—the act and the consequences were his,—but that he felt it due to us to make us acquainted with the fact and to invite criticisms on the paper which he had prepared. There were, he had found, not unexpectedly, some differences in the Cabinet; but he had, after ascertaining in his own way the views of each and all, individually and collectively, formed his own conclusions and made his own decisions. In the course of the discussion on this paper, which was long, earnest, and, on the general principle involved, harmonious, he remarked that he had made a vow—a covenant—that if God gave us the victory in the approaching battle, he would consider it an indication of Divine will, and that it was duty to move forward in the cause of emancipation. It might be thought strange, he said, that he had in this way submitted the disposal of matters when the way was not clear to his mind what he should do. God had decided this question in favor of the slaves. . . .

Nicolay and Hay text.
Abraham Lincoln: A History, VI:160.

a special Cabinet meeting. The subject was the Proclamation concerning emancipating slaves after a certain date, in States that should then be in rebellion. For several weeks the subject has been suspended, but, the President says, never lost sight of. When the subject was submitted in August, and indeed in taking it up, the President stated that the question was finally decided, but that he felt it to be due to us to make us acquainted with the fact and to invite criticism on the Proclamation. There were some differences in the Cabinet, but he had formed his own conclusions and made his own decisions. He had, he said, made a vow, a covenant, that if God gave us the victory in the approaching battle (which had just been fought), he would consider it his duty to move forward in the cause of emancipation. We might think it strange, he said, but there were times when he felt uncertain how to act; that he had in this way submitted the disposal of matters when the way was not clear to his mind what he should do. God had decided this question in favor of the slave. . . .

Atlantic Monthly text.
March, 1909, p. 369.

The reader who examines these parallel records carefully, will, besides alterations in punctuation, discover changes in numerous words and phrases, additions, and conspicuous omissions. The phrase "in August," given in the latest text of the Diary, would seem to be original. At any rate it is in accord with the fact that Secretary Welles (like Lincoln) did not clearly remember just when the original draft of an emancipation proclamation was first read to the Cabinet (See the *Galaxy*, December, 1872, pp. 844, 851. Lincoln's "Complete Works," II, 479). The date has been long since established as July 22 (Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln," VI, 126). The omissions in the latest text amount to six passages, some of which are really important. The absence of these passages should certainly have been indicated. As the record now appears, it is unreliable, and, from the standpoint of the seeker after historical truth, unsatisfactory. It may be reasonable to assume that space must be considered in the publication of any long diary in a monthly magazine where only portions of the record are likely to interest any large number of readers. I fail, however, to find any sound principle for the alterations or omissions here indicated. Every scrap of good evidence on Lincoln's emancipation policy should be preserved. The secretary of the navy tried hard to be accurate. It is certain that he would never have sanctioned this ruthless editing of his illuminating commentary. One wonders what proportion of the original manuscript has been subjected to this high-handed process of alteration and excision.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

New Haven, Conn., April 25.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The version of the Welles Diary, now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, consists of excerpts taken from the MS. and makes no pretense whatever to completeness. The original Diary consists of some 650,000 words, of which perhaps one-fifth can appear in the *Atlantic*. Any one with the smallest knowledge of magazine conditions will realize that the publication of much more material of this description in a periodical of general interest than the generous portion published by the *Atlantic* is impracticable, and in its various announcements the *Atlantic* has repeatedly laid stress upon the fact that the articles have been cut from the Diary.

The use of asterisks to indicate omissions would have greatly burdened the text and has therefore not been employed.

It seems unnecessary to add that in making selections for this series care has been exercised to avoid any distortion of the views of the diarist, and to retain passages of marked historical importance. Regarding possible verbal discrepancies between the *Atlantic* version and the original Diary, I may add that the present series of articles has been set up from a typewritten copy of the Diary, made a number of years ago, compared with the original, and supplied by Mr. Welles, who was unwilling to allow the manuscript itself to leave his possession. Such examination as I have been able to make in person leads me to believe that there are no variations of importance.

The *Atlantic* is published for the general reader. In the forthcoming publication of the Diary in book form every effort will be made to present a faithful text of the Diary in its entirety.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.
Editor the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Boston, May 5.

THE PHILIPPINE LAND SCHEME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to protest against your editorial on The Philippine Land Scheme, which appears in the *Nation* for April 28. You say:

Whether the Sugar Trust is or is not the purchaser, whether the Henry W. Taft law firm is or is not involved, the sale of the 55,000 acres is indefensible morally, a shocking violation of trust, incredible from Mr.

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Taft's Administration, in view of his attitude when Governor-General.

Ths is a serious charge to bring against the Administration. It begins with an innuendo which is unworthy of the *Nation*, and it ends with an implication that is not true. You imply that Mr. Taft, when Governor-General, favored the insertion of that clause in the organic act which forbids the sale of more than 2,500 acres of land to a corporation. As a matter of fact, he vigorously opposed it as being contrary to the best interests of the Filipinos. You admit in this very editorial that Mr. Taft was "the man whom, of all the Americans sent to them, the Filipinos loved best, because of his freedom from race prejudice and his insistence upon the doctrine of 'the Philippines for the Filipinos.'" You imply that he has changed his attitude towards the Islands in a disgraceful manner. Let us look at the facts.

In May, 1902, while still Governor-General, and while still devoted, as you admit, to the best interests of the Filipinos, Mr. Taft published an article in the *Outlook* in which he took occasion to criticise the two versions of the organic act then under consideration in Congress. Allow me to quote his words:

> Both bills limit the power of acquisition of land by a corporation, foreign or domestic, to five thousand acres. *It seems to me that this limitation is too low, and that it ought to be raised to twenty thousand acres*, for the reason that, in order to attract capital and to induce agricultural development on the best lines, especially in the production of sugar and tobacco, the cultivation must be of estates at least as large as fifteen or twenty thousand acres. [The italics are mine.]

In view, then, of his attitude when Governor-General, and of his well-known desire to see the Filipinos prosper and advance, it is not strange that he should have tried to find a way to eliminate the obstacles to progress which Senator Hoar, albeit with the best intentions in the world, placed in their path. It is not necessary here for me to enlarge on the large cost of modern sugar plants, and the many difficulties in the way of making progress in the tropics. They are well known and appreciated by those like Mr. Taft, who have lived and worked in the tropics, but they seem to be absolutely incomprehensible to people who live in a land where cold and hunger drive otherwise indolent drones to do their work in the world.

Your slurs on those who wish to help the Filipinos forward by making possible the entry of American capital are thoroughly characteristic of that point of view. In fairness let us hear the other side. Gov. Taft went on to say:

> The investment of American capital in the islands is necessary to their proper development, and is necessary to the material, and therefore the spiritual, uplifting of the Filipino people. It means the construction of railroads, the needed intercommunication between the people and the provinces, and a change from a comparatively poor and ignorant people to one of comparative intelligence and wealth.

You reply: "They make a livelihood, bare at times, and why must they do otherwise at the behest of outsiders?" Why, indeed? That was what the Spanish government said for over three hundred years. The same spirit is not absolutely unknown in New York; but it has been more commonly found in Tammany Hall than in the columns of the *Nation*.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, April 30.

[Our correspondent is mistaken in thinking there was a slur upon Mr. Taft or the Taft law firm in the sentence he quotes. The matter was mentioned merely to be brushed aside. We know Mr. Taft well enough to be sure that if his brother's law firm were connected with this matter it would prejudice him against its side of the case. We had overlooked the *Outlook's* article, to which our attention is called, but see no reason to change our opinion. Twenty thousand acres are not 55,000 acres, for one thing, and if the Taft Administration approves the sale of the latter lot of land to any corporation, we say again it is a morally indefensible breach of the trust imposed upon us in the Philippines by the Hoar act and the repeated assurances of our unselfish intentions. The capitalistic development of our conquered over-sea lands will make impossible the carrying out of those intentions.—ED. NATION.]

THOREAU AND CONFUCIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Charles Francis Adams, whose letter on Thoreau and Confucius was printed in the *Nation* of April 21, was perhaps unaware (not having been an early reader of the *Dial*) that Thoreau, early in 1843, when editing that quarterly in Emerson's absence, began to print in its pages what he called "Ethnical Scriptures," in which many of the quoted passages from Confucius and Mencius were first made known to most New England readers. Among his selections was the passage which, a dozen years later, appeared in his "Walden," and made such an impression on Mr. Adams. No author was named by Thoreau in citing it; but to those familiar with his *Dial* chapters, the turn of the phrases disclosed it as attributed to Confucius. The Concord group of authors and the American missionaries were the first in this country to read and quote the sayings of the Orientals; and Emerson was for years one of the very few Americans who owned a copy of the Bhagavad Ghîta. He lent his copy freely, and it was more read than the contemporary copy in the Harvard College Library.

The mention of "Walden" leads me to say that a long and minute examination of the manuscripts of that book left by Thoreau and now owned by Mr. W. K. Bixby of St. Louis—printed last year by the Bibliophile Society of Boston, with many additions to the author's published work—showed me that early and late journal-entries were used by Thoreau in compiling it. Passages occur which were written as early as 1838, and others as late as the spring of 1854, the year of its publication. This special passage from Confucius stands at the close of the eighth chapter, and there are five other quotations from Confucius in the whole book. The Bibliophile edition is likely to become the accepted standard for the text of the book, when the copyrights of the earlier editions have expired. Its two volumes are now inaccessible to the general public, the number of copies being less than 500, and those only in the hands of subscribers. It lacks a full index, but is copiously annotated, and contains many explications and *variorum* readings of the passages. A popular reprint of it would be valuable; for "Walden" continues to be the "best seller" among the books of Thoreau.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, Mass., April 25.

A MEMORIAL TO PROFESSOR MAU.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Shortly after the death of Professor August Mau the suggestion was made that a bust of him should be erected as a memorial in the Forum of Pompeii. This suggestion has now taken definite form; and a committee representing the Italian archæological interests, as well as the German, English and American schools in Rome, has been appointed to carry it into effect. The committee issues the following address to those who knew Professor Mau or were interested in his work:

Rome, March 30, 1910.

On March 6, 1909, August Mau died after a life of ceaseless activity. We do not need to emphasize the value of his life-work. Suffice it to mention one thing alone, which assures him for all time a place in the foremost rank of scholarship: his discovery of the evolution of Pompeian painting, with its valuable deductions for the history of human culture. Remarkable as were the results of his scholarship, the effect of his personality on those who were privileged to know him was still more so. His manly straightforwardness, his simplicity, his purity of motive, but above all his delight in his work, never failed to impress themselves upon those who came into contact with him. In his work he lived. This love of his work kept him always young and joyous. His joy was contagious and communicated itself to those who met him, so that they left him full of gratitude.

All those who knew him will rejoice in an opportunity to give to their feeling of gratitude a lasting expression. In this spirit, in the desire to establish some lasting token of personal friendship and devotion, and with no wish for a merely formal and official recognition (which would be quite contrary to his desire), it has been proposed to erect a bust of Professor Mau in the place where generations of scholars of all nations have learned how under the magic of his word the ruins became eloquent witnesses to the history of man.

The undersigned have reason to hope that the Ministry of Public Instruction of His Majesty the King of Italy will not refuse consent to the erection of the proposed bust. Otherwise the money will be expended for a worthy publication of the Pompeian wall paintings which were copied under Mau's direction.

We appeal to all of Professor Mau's friends and admirers for support in the carrying out of this undertaking.

WALTER AMELUNG, Rome.
THOMAS ASHBY, Rome.
JESSE BENEDICT CARTER, Rome.
WOLFGANG HELBIG, Rome.
ANTONIO SOGLIANO, Naples.

Contributions to the amount of $91 are already on deposit with the treasurer of the Archæological Institute of America for this worthy purpose. They were received from the classical staffs of the University of Wisconsin; Johns Hopkins and Yale Universities; the Universities of

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Pennsylvania, Chicago, Michigan; and Harvard, Cornell, Princeton and Columbia Universities. Professor Mau lectured each year to the students of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome from its founding to his death; and if these should contribute on the average a dollar apiece, the sum, in addition to that already on hand, would be ample as the share of America. I shall be glad to receive and forward contributions.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 25.

SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your notice of Mr. B. B. Munford's book, "Virginia's Attitude Towards Slavery and Secession" (*Nation*, February 17), is seen this sentence:

If, as Mr. Munford insists, Virginia seceded simply because the Federal government resorted to coercion, the conclusion is unavoidable that the State preferred to continue on a low social plane under its own guidance, rather than to attain an admittedly higher one by Federal aid.

Permit me to say that President Lincoln gives a final answer to this charge of neglect of duty by Virginia and the South in his speech, delivered at Peoria, Ill., October 16, 1854: "When the Southern people tell us that they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we are, I acknowledge the fact." "When it is said that the institution exists, and that it is very difficult to get rid of it in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. "I *surely will not blame them for not doing* what I would not know how to do myself." *"If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do as to the existing institution."*

The results of the emancipation proclamation confirmed Mr. Lincoln's statements. Mr. Munford calls attention to many instances of deep concern and perplexity of the best hearts and heads of whites at the South in regard to the disposition of their personal slave property, and of that of the South at large.

In all charity, we are compelled to state that Mr. Lincoln's enforced "Federal aid" unfortunately left the negroes still among the vanishing races, while the country was deluged in blood. Northern intelligence and devotion have failed to solve the problem, since Mr. Lincoln's day. Far removed from the "black belt" the North, especially in its cities, finds the race problem the most vexing and persistent demand upon the whites. The differences in the two races were distinctly recognized and stated by President Lincoln in strong, unmistakable terms. Had the war President foreseen the appalling suffering and deaths by tens of thousands among negro infants, children, their mothers, and the weak and aged who flocked to the "freedman's settlements" and "camps of refuge" under the Stars and Stripes, Mr. Lincoln would have insisted that these unhappy, deluded folk should remain on the plantations until the war was over. The able blacks he needed to fill his armies, while the unproductive class, left at home, would have helped on the cause of freedom by "eating old master out of house and plantation."

ST. GEORGE T. C. BRYAN.

Petersburg, Va., May 3.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to reply in the greatest possible candor to the questions asked in the review (*Nation*, April 28) of my book, "Die neue Form": (1) No, I do not think it advisable in an American teacher to set up any new literary standards. However, I do think it advisable in a critic to interpret objectively the ever new literary standards which are continually set up by creative artists; (2) No, I do not advocate the production of "Sonnenfinsternis" by (or for) American college students; nor do I advocate the production of Sophocles's "Œdipus," Schiller's "Braut von Messina," Shelley's "Cenci," Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen," Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm" and "Ghosts." But I do advocate the production of such masterpieces, by first-class artists, for mature men and women, *i. e.*, for that unprejudiced, intelligent, and æsthetically appreciative public for which alone my book is intended. "Sonnenfinsternis" as a play stands on as lofty an ethical height as "The Scarlet Letter," the novel. It is a story of guilt and atonement through unselfish sacrifice. It is a story of the purification of a soul. O. E. LESSING.

Urbana, Ill., April 30.

PHOTOGRAPHING MARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to the account of the annual session of the National Academy of Sciences in your issue of April 28, it seems but fair to call attention to the fact that Dr. Hale's failure to photograph the fine lines on Mars was made with a *reflecting* telescope.

That such a telescope is not suited to planetary photography was shown at Flagstaff last autumn. Dr. Lowell had installed a reflector by Clark & Sons to be used at the last opposition of Mars. It proved so unsuited either for the visual or photographic study of that planet, that no serious attempts were made to use it for such purposes. G. R. AGASSIZ.

Boston, April 29.

Literature.

TRAVEL IN FOREIGN LANDS.

South African Memories: Social, Warlike, and Sporting. From diaries written at the time. By Lady Sarah Wilson. With illustrations. London: Edward Arnold.

Wanderings Among South Sea Savages and in Borneo and the Philippines. By H. Wilfrid Walker, F.R.G.S. With 48 plates from photographs. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Through Persia from the Gulf to the Caspian. By F. B. Bradley-Birt, I.C.S. With 31 illustrations and a map. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The Confessions of a Beachcomber. Scenes and incidents in the career of an unprofessional beachcomber in tropical Queensland. By E. J. Banfield. With a map and 53 illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Scenes and incidents connected with the Boer war form the larger part of Lady Sarah Wilson's interesting "South African Memories." The daughter of the Duke of Marlborough and sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, she had every opportunity given her during her four visits to South Africa to meet the most notable people and to see that which was most worth seeing. At her first visit in 1895 she was the guest of Cecil Rhodes, then Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and she gives a delightful description of his home on the slope of Table Mountain: a low rambling house with a thatched roof, filled with choice art treasures and surrounded by plateaus bright with flowers, while antelopes of many kinds roamed through his woods. It was "a meeting-place for all the men of the colony." He was always in favor of doing things on a large scale. "Sometimes a gardener or bailiff would ask for two or three dozen rose or fruit trees. 'There is no use,' he would exclaim impatiently, 'in two dozen of anything. My good man, you should count in hundreds and thousands, not dozens.'"

During her stay of six weeks she was detained for some time at Kimberley by the Jameson raid, but succeeded in reaching Johannesburg and Pretoria, where she saw President Kruger, who "with a venerable white beard, in a somewhat worn frock-coat and a rusty old black silk hat, did not look the stern dictator of his little kingdom, which in truth he was. Our Dutch friend told us Oom Paul was in the habit of commencing work at 5 A. M., and that he transacted business, either at his house or in the government offices, with short intermissions, until 5 P. M." Her second visit was three years later and lasted for fifteen months, two of which were spent in Rhodesia. At the outbreak of the war she attempted to join her husband, the aid-de-camp of Col. Baden-Powell, the heroic defender of Mafeking, but was taken prisoner by the Boers, and after tedious negotiations was exchanged for a horse-thief. Her account of her experiences in the Boer laager, and particularly of her life in the beleaguered town, is especially interesting. The most formidable weapon of the Boers was a big siege gun every motion of which was watched through a telescope, notice being given by a bell to the townspeople that it was about to be fired. Often her telephone would ring up with the message: "The gun is loaded and pointed at the town. . . . A monkey belonging to the post-office, who generally spent the day on the top of a pole to which he was chained, would, on hearing the alarm-bell, rapidly descend from his perch, and, in imitation of the human beings whom he saw tak-

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ing shelter, quickly pop under a large empty biscuit-tin." But on Sundays, "thanks to the religious proclivities of the Boers," there was an absolute cessation of hostilities on both sides, "and from early dawn to late at night the whole population thoroughly enjoyed themselves."

On the relief of Mafeking, she went to Pretoria, where she met her nephew, Winston Churchill, and the "hero of a thousand fights," Lord Roberts, of whom she says: "I shall never forget how kindly he spoke, nor the inexpressible sadness of his face." On her return home the Red Cross was awarded her, and the medal for service in South Africa. The third visit was in 1902, when she was the guest of Lord Milner at Johannesburg. The next year she went to Rhodesia, camping for a short time at Livingstone, Victoria Falls, which she describes as "one of the fairest landscapes to be seen on God's earth." The attractiveness and value of the book are increased by the twenty illustrations, which include portraits of most of the noted persons mentioned in her narrative and a humorous sketch by Col. Baden-Powell.

The author of "Wanderings Among South Sea Savages and in Borneo and the Philippines" has been a collector of birds and butterflies, and gives in this book a readable account of some of his collecting trips. Our only criticism is that he dwells too frequently and in too much detail on the revolting customs of the people among whom he travelled. It does not add to the interest of his narrative to be constantly reminded of the cannibalistic practices of the Papuans, nor to have one's attention continually directed to the ghastly trophies to be found in the house of the Borneo head-hunter. Life in the home of a Fijian prince and adventures in company with him are described in the first chapters. Then follows an account of a visit to the Philippines, evidently at the time of the Taft administration, for in his preface he acknowledges his obligations to him. The Negritos, among whom he passed most of his time, are set down as "certainly the merriest and yet the dirtiest people I have ever met." While with them he heard rumors of an extraordinary mountain tribe, named Buquils, "whose women were reported to have beards," but his journey in search of them failed because of the intertribal enmities, and he was unable to prove whether or not the story was a myth. While in North Borneo, in whose forests he spent seven months, he visited some edible birds'-nest caves, and his description of them is by far the most entertaining part of his book. After a somewhat hazardous exploration of one which was more than 500 feet in height, with an opening in the top which from below looked like a distant star, he returned to his hut. About dusk he "heard a noise like the whistling of the wind, and, going outside, I saw a truly wonderful sight. The millions of small bats which share these caves with the birds [swallows] were issuing forth from the small hole in the very top of the rock. As far as the eye could see they stretched in one even, unbroken column across the sky. They issued from the cave in a compact mass and preserved the same even formation till they disappeared in the far distance. They resembled a thick line of smoke coming out of the funnel of a steamer, . . . and the thick line twisted and wriggled across the sky for all the world like a giant snake. They were still coming forth in the same manner till darkness set in, and then I could only hear the beating of myriads of wings, like the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops." They return in early morning in much the same fashion. The swallows, he was told, usually did the same thing; when the bats came out, the swallows entered the caves, and when the bats went in, the swallows came out. But he was there at their nesting season, when they went in and out of the caves irregularly all day. The book is attractively made up, and the 48 plates from photographs, some of rare beauty, give vividness to the narrative.

The most interesting part of F. B. Bradley-Birt's "Through Persia" is that descriptive of the southwestern region in which lie Shiraz and the ruins of Persepolis. It gives a vivid impression of the ancient empire of the Sassanians. His admiration for the "most fascinating city in the East" with its blue domes and golden minarets, its many gardens of cypresses and roses, is partly due to the approach through monotonous desert and over barren heights and also to the influence of its great poets, Sadi and Hafiz, whose memory is cherished at the present day, thousands of pilgrims coming to their tombs. In the garden in which Sadi lies he found the keeper holding school with half a dozen tiny scholars, from four to seven years old. They were "writing with their quaint wooden pens on square-cut plaintain leaves that serve for paper. They are copying laboriously a famous line of Sadi's, a copy of whose poems, beautifully illuminated, lies open on the old man's knees, and no line could well be more appropriate to this restful spot beside the beautiful city that Sadi loved—'If there is a Paradise on earth, it is this, it is this.'"

The first impression of Persepolis, with which, according to the ancient writers, "no city could be compared either in beauty or in wealth" and which was called the "Glory of the East," was its vast loneliness. "Man and every living creature seem to have deserted the fallen city." But this feeling was soon overcome by the fascination of its marvellous remains. In striking contrast to these relics of a glorious past is a village hanging on the top of an enormous rock island, tier on tier of houses rising to a height of a hundred and thirty feet above the river-bed. The only approach is by a narrow footbridge to a small doorway cut in the face of the rock. So accustomed are the villagers to their exalted quarters "that they pursue their daily avocations with unconcern, while the children play in the hanging verandahs regardless of the yawning drop below." His account of the remainder of his journey through Ispahan and Teheran to the Caspian is lacking in interest. When he passed through the capital, the Mejliss, the new parliament, was holding its first sittings, and he calls attention to the part which the Indian agitator played in the revolution. A weekly paper printed in Calcutta was on sale in the streets, and "no one who saw the eagerness with which it was bought and read by the crowd, which always gathered round the palace in which the Mejliss sat, could doubt its influence. It was from its columns that the Teheranis first acquired the word 'constitution.'" Illustrations of some of the most interesting scenes described and an excellent map add to the value of the book.

E. J. Banfield, in the "Confessions of a Beachcomber," tells of his search for the "simple life" in a tropical island off the coast of Queensland. Though but three and a half square miles in area, it contains a wealth of fauna and flora, which is described with all the enthusiasm of a true lover of nature. Especial attention is paid to the birds, the number of which may be imagined from the fact that he gives a "census" of 131 different species, "all permanent residents familiar to him as well as casual visitors." He also gives a glowing description of his garden of coral. Interesting, too, is his account of the different trees, one of which, the umbrella tree, is a "distillery of nectar of crystal purity and inviting flavor." The chapters devoted to the natives, "stone-age folks," are somewhat disappointing; the persons particularly portrayed are uninteresting, and the numerous anecdotes of them are told in almost unintelligible pidgin-English. The 53 illustrations are reproductions of photographs, some of them, especially that of the coral garden, being of great beauty. The lack of an index in a book treating of so many different subjects is to be regretted.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Undesirable Governess. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

For the last time, by admission of the publishers, we are called upon to com-

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ment upon a new work by the most natural story-teller of his generation. When Crawford's life comes to be written, we shall no doubt find out in what order the three posthumous novels were composed. "The Undesirable Governess" belongs to Crawford's lightest mood. It is a bit of comedy well on toward the edge of farce. The setting and atmosphere are ultra-Englisn. The Lady Jane who is at such pains to protect her susceptible husband and sons from attractive housemates is the stern, virtuous, and snobbish lady Briton of long tradition. The mainspring of the story is that indispensable consideration in English fiction—the duty of getting your money's worth when you marry. From Richardson to Trollope, and from Trollope to (though strangely not including) De Morgan, the absurdity in marrying an inferior in rank or fortune is the natural key to the romantic action. How magnanimous of Algernon to waive, though of course not ignore, the fact that Alice's grandfather was a tradesman, or that her income is a paltry thousand a year! How wonderful of Lady Edith to give herself to the younger son—with only blood, health, brains, and a heart to recommend him: she might have had the Duke! We must guess that Crawford took a sly satisfaction in playing once more upon this well-worn string. The "undesirable governess" makes herself desirable, even to the fastidious Lady Jane—as a governess. As a prospective daughter-in-law, being supposedly poor and of no social standing, she is, of course, an object of execration, a thing to be insulted and cast into outer darkness with all dispatch. The machinery by which the poor and nameless girl is shown to be a rich girl and a well-born girl need not be described. No novelty of design is striven for in its construction. Nor is subtlety employed in the framing of Lady Jane's recantation. The story is only a trifle, but a perfect trifle in its Crawfordian kind.

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger: A Romance of the Mountain West. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

"Author of 'The Gray-Horse Troop,' 'Main-Travelled Roads,' etc.," reads the title-page. How little of the "and so forth" has come up to the promise, or even the achievement, of those early tales! In "Main-Travelled Roads" Mr. Garland, now nearly twenty years ago, sounded a note of which his later work has given, for the most part, a series of diminishing echoes. That volume will stand, we believe, as one of the classics of American fiction. And it is because we believe this that each new book of Mr. Garland's continues to arouse in us a now rather forlorn hope. The present book is earnestly and painstakingly written. It sets forth with much detail the life and the problems of the forest ranger in those parts of the West where the old lawless traditions still linger, and sheep and cattlemen alike are on the offensive against the national protector of the forests. "Roaring Fork," the scene of most of the narrative, is a little town sixty miles from a railway, where "the air of the reckless old-time range still clung rancidly about in the low groggeries, as a deadly gas hangs about the lower levels of a mine." To this community has come one Cavanagh, a naturalized Englishman and forest ranger. Though a subordinate even in the local forest service, he has ward over a large stretch of country, and as representative of the law, is at once unpopular among the worthies of Roaring Fork. The narrative recounts his struggles to uphold his authority almost single-handed. In the end he escapes defeat, and is recognized as harbinger of a new day and new methods. This is a good and natural plot for a novel about the new West. Unluckily, Mr. Garland has not been able to get away from his text. As fiction, the book belongs to a mediocre sort. The girl who is duly supplied for Cavanagh—the refined Eastern-bred daughter of a Roaring Fork mother—has little reality or desirability. The other persons in the tale—except perhaps the older woman—are but pale figures. The fact is, the writer has had a speech to make, not a story to tell. He has wished to express his indignation at the dismissal of the recent chief of the forestry service, and his belief in the system originated by that officer. The dismissal has its part in the story; and Mr. Pinchot himself supplies a discreet introduction.

The Adventures of an A.D.C. By Shelland Bradley. New York: John Lane Co.

This book is delightfully light in the literal sense, and not unpleasantly so in the figurative. "Adventures" is a misnomer; the aide-de-camp has no more than the Needy Knifegrinder. As a scrap-book, however, the volume presents good entertainment, the gems of the collection being unquestionably the native letters—vouched for in a prefatory note as substantially genuine—received at Government House. What magnate could resist an appeal which closes with the benediction, "And may the Almighty (whom Your Honor much resembles) grant you long life, etc."? Many of us have at some time the trying experience of finding that we have included the dead in our invitations, but seldom is the fact so unequivocally brought home to us as by the polite reply: "I regret to inform you that my late father is now resident at Heaven." One letter we make no apology for quoting in full; it should have been addressed to Mr. Roosevelt:

Honored Protector of the Poor: Having heard of your almighty mercy and lovingkindness to us worms, I make bold to tell you my circumstances.

By the grace of God, your Lordship, I have seven children, all babes and sucklings.

Besides this abominable litter, I have many relations, male and female, all dependent upon me. What have I done that I should be blessed with such cursed trials?

As your Lordship is my father and my mother, I would require that you take this worm and wife and suckles and relations, both male and female, and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of rupees twenty per month.

I cannot read or write, and have only the suckle qualifications and male relations and feminine, but, by the grace of God and your Lordship, I look forward to years of prosperity and happiness.

We all sing loudly of your praises, your justice, and your mercy; therefore, call us all that we may fatten on your love and gentleness. Call quickly. Your faithful worm and beast, . . Pindari Das (despicable brute and unwilling father of babies).

Predestined: A Novel of New York Life. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Whitman has treated a dangerous theme with delicacy and strength. A rich widower, who has worshipped his wife's memory, discovers that the young man he has regarded as his only son is really the child of another father; he converts his wealth into bills which he burns; the son, brought up in luxury and with wealthy associates, is left in poverty and sets out to earn a living by his wits; from newspaper work he turns to authorship; failing in this he takes to drink, becomes entangled with women whose homes are near the Great White Way, and sinks through various stages of degradation to an ignominious death. It is a sordid subject, relieved by little humor, but in Mr. Whitman's treatment is not repulsive. The vice of the streets and of the flashy underworld is exposed with all its tragic lessons, yet the reader is neither offended by preaching and moralizing nor disgusted by nauseous details. It is realism with restraint and human sympathy, and on the whole gives a juster and more vivid picture of certain aspects of life in New York's "tenderloin" than does any other novel we can recall.

One minor point deserves mention—the psychological skill with which the degeneration is noted from the hero's father, who is a Parisian poet of a few exquisite but sterile works in his youth, to the hero himself who has all the velleity of artistic production without the effective will.

The Green Cloak. By Yorke Davis. New York: Sturgis & Walton.

Nothing is more amusing to the habitual reader of detective stories than the eagerness of the writers to seize on some method of varying the old themes. When Professor Münsterberg's articles on the detection of crime by the new instruments of the psychological laboratory were printed, it was perfectly safe to predict that we should have a flood of detective stories on the method. The

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other day we noticed "Luther Trant"; to-day we have such another, in this case, however, the Sherlock Holmes of the laboratory being an ancient professor who has lived in Australia, whereas Luther Trant was a newcomer in the field. The sleuth-minded professor's life in the East is essential to the story, for the plot is compounded of Oriental pirates, the Maori speech, and other exotic flavors, though the scene is a very modern American suburb. The story is interesting, and the psychological apparatus is worked in cleverly.

NAPOLEON III.

The Rise of Louis Napoleon. By F. A. Simpson. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Kinglake and Carlyle and the great throng of English and American writers who, half a century ago, denounced Louis Napoleon would rub their eyes if they could read this book. For, when Mr. Simpson closes his chronicle with the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency in 1848, he leaves upon the reader the impression that the spurious Bonaparte was rather a commendable person. The crime of the *coup d'état* had not been committed; and Mr. Simpson does not arrange his material with reference to that event, on which most historians have based their verdict. He simply tells the story of the first forty years of the Prince, untinged by what occurred afterward. This treatment is, we believe, both honest and correct.

The result is that we see in the Prince a youth of unusual sensibility, and a man of extraordinary tenacity of purpose. His two attempted "invasions" of France appear no longer as ridiculous fizzles, but as carefully laid schemes which, in that epoch when every proposed revolution seemed possible, had some chance of success. Mr. Simpson's account of these affairs is well done, the best we have seen in English. He puts before you the situation as the Prince saw it, not as everybody can see, and judge it, in retrospect.

Most interesting is the description of the rise of the Napoleonic legend. The main feature of the imprisonment of the great Napoleon at Saint Helena was not, as has been generally supposed, his eclipse and end; it was the opportunity it offered him—an opportunity he improved to the full—of creating the legend which was destined to produce the Second Empire, and to dazzle Frenchmen unto the third and fourth generation of those who had fought and died for the First. It was Louis Napoleon, after the death of his brother raised him to the dignity of pretender, who earliest saw the immense possibilities latent in the legend. It was he who exploited those possibilities in all directions; he whom neither failure, nor indifference, nor calumny, nor ridicule could cause to waver. It is startling to reflect that he, Mazzini, and Garrison, who were only three years apart in age, but as remote in ideals as one pole is from the other, showed during the thirties and forties equal inflexibility of purpose, equal readiness to stake everything to promote their respective causes. But the parallel ceases when we examine the character of the three.

After making what allowance we will, Louis Napoleon's aim was selfish; for nobody suggests that a mere philanthropical ambition to give France the best possible government sustained him during his years of ill-fortune. Garrison and Mazzini had the zeal of Jewish prophets or of Cromwellian Puritans; like Luther, they "could not otherwise"; but we cannot believe that the Bonapartist pretender would have borne and labored as he did unless he had hoped that he—and not some other member of the family—should enjoy the prize. Perhaps Mr. Simpson would have done well to epitomize his chief work, "Les Idées Napoléoniennes," which bears witness to his skill as a writer, to his visionary intellect, and to his remarkable ability to coin concrete phrases which soon passed current, although they had only abstractions behind them. His *L'Empire, c'est la paix*—to cite a single example—was a stroke of genius and won him more supporters than a thousand political orations could have done. As a fashioner of ringing manifestoes, both before and after he came to power, Louis Napoleon had, in our opinion, no superior, although among his contemporaries were scores of brilliant rhetoricians.

Mr. Simpson's study makes it clear that the Prince had the happy knack of seeming to be a specialist in many fields—in the science of war, in modern history, in comparative government—and of being hospitable to new ideas. But this happy knack denoted, as it often does, superficiality, and left him helpless when he was brought face to face with inexorable facts. Cobden found him ignorant of even the A B C of political economy; the battles of Magenta and Solferino showed him a tyro in generalship; Cavour and after him Bismarck made a plaything of his statecraft. But all this came later. Mr. Simpson has the pleasanter and easier task of describing the prospective despot's formative years, in which he devoted himself with might and main to self-culture in everything except character. Only a rabid anti-Bonapartist could fail to do justice to the Prince's self-reliance, which urged him to perpetual efforts. Amateurs of political dexterity must admire the way in which he worked up what we Americans would call his "boom," and glided as deftly as an eel among the complications of 1848 until he landed in the Presidency.

This part of the story Mr. Simpson treats with commendable clarity. He falls short in not sufficiently impressing on readers who have no other source of information that the Prince's habits and companions during his exile were for the most part such as to justify the popular opinion that he would not make a reputable sovereign. A libertine, a spendthrift, a borrower with nothing except his "prospects" to offer as collateral, a liker of vulgar or tainted associates, Louis Napoleon had no magnetic qualities to offset these in the eyes of his sober critics. Do what he would, he could not win the support of any respectable, much less dominant, class before 1848.

Mr. Simpson hints at this, but, as we have said, he lays hardly enough stress on it. His chief merit, and it is a high one, consists in presenting Louis Napoleon's positive side more sympathetically and more accurately than it has hitherto been presented: and yet it would have been possible at least to outline the negative side more distinctly. There are but few minor points on which we should challenge his statements. His idea that Napoleon's membership in the Carbonaria may be doubted because there is no documentary evidence to prove it, leads us to infer that he thinks the Carbonari signed their oaths at initiation—which is wholly incorrect. Nor do we agree with him that the question of the Prince's paternity is now "purely academic": we have yet to see strong presumptive evidence (much less conclusive proof) that he was the son of the King of Holland. But these, and other similar matters, are too slight to be debated here. Even if Mr. Simpson be wrong, the worth of his book cannot be doubted.

History of the Great American Fortunes. By Gustavus Myers. Vols. I and II; three parts. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.50 each.

The Economic Causes of Great Fortunes. By Anna Youngman. New York: The Bankers' Publishing Co. $1.50.

Although the first volume of Mr. Myers's work does not deal with the most recent phase of the process of American fortune-building, it is none the less full of that kind of bitter denunciation which we are in the habit of associating with the "muck-raking" literature of the present day. Part i deals with "Conditions in Settlement and Colonial Times," part ii with "The Great Land Fortunes"; the era of Vanderbilt and Gould, not to speak of Rockefeller and Morgan and Carnegie and Harriman, accordingly, is still in the distance. But from the first the accusing finger is pointed at the accumulators of wealth; and, indeed, the implication is plain throughout that, bad as

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things are now, the standards and ideals and practices of older days were incomparably worse. No golden age is presented to our view in the days of the colonists; it is truly "old, unhappy, far-off things" that are the burden of the song. For it is not simply the history of the great fortunes with which our author is concerned; eager as he is to bring home to the great land-grabbers, and Indian traders, and shippers the burden of every sin of greed and fraud and inhumanity that the records can furnish, he insists constantly on the lesson that their rapacity and unscrupulousness were but an exhibition on a greater scale of what everybody else in the propertied and trading classes was doing according to his ability and his opportunity. Coming to a later period, Mr. Myers devotes the major part of his space to the Astor fortune, though other great fortunes receive more attention than can be comfortable for those who bear the names of their builders. After making all allowance for the evident animus of the writer—not only as against the great plutocrats, but as against the whole structure of individualist society—enough remains of unquestionable truth to make the array of abhorrent doings placed before us very depressing reading. That the picture of conditions as a whole is misleading, its unbroken darkness is sufficient to warn us; and if one is armed against the acceptance of it as anything more than a graphic presentation of one side of a case by an intense partisan, he may derive much profit from this account of ugly and often forgotten aspects of our history.

The second volume, comprising part iii of the work, opens with two chapters of general considerations, relating to "the Seizure of the Public Domain" and to the contrast between the activity of government in behalf of the great property interests and its inactivity in matters relating to the welfare of the masses. The remaining ten chapters tell of the Vanderbilt fortune and the Gould fortune in a way that leaves nothing to be desired in point of pungency or dramatic interest.

Though written in a wholly different spirit, and marked by intellectual balance in discussion and judicial care in the statement of facts, Professor Youngman's book produces in some respects impressions not unlike those created by the work of Mr. Myers. But this is due in no small measure to her selection of one of the representative figures taken to illustrate the three types of great American fortunes. Her purpose is primarily that of the economist, not that of the moralist or even the sociologist; her plan is to proceed from a detailed consideration of the development of certain typical great fortunes to an analysis of the underlying causes of their growth. Her first subject is the fortune of John Jacob Astor, "the typical American fortune of the pre-corporate régime"; the next is that of Jay Gould, belonging to the day of public-service corporations, but preceding the era of the great industrial corporations and combinations; and after this comes an account of the great "group fortunes," particularly those of the "Standard Oil" men and the "Morgan" men. It is in the account of the career of Jay Gould, naturally enough, that we are brought face to face with the blackest facts in these histories; and if there is a serious fault to be found with Professor Youngman's discussion, it is that she has not adequately distinguished Gould's unblushing robbery and corruption from practices which, whether justifiable or not, cannot rationally be placed in the same category. This, however, may be classed as a side matter. In orderly and compact array, the salient facts of these several cases are given; a task which, in the case of the "group fortunes," involved much able and painstaking research. In two closing chapters, the *rationale* of the whole matter is discussed with much ability. That the distinction between "unearned increment" and earned increment is not as simple as is so often assumed—that the enhanced value of land due to causes outside the agency of the owner is not inherently different from increases of fortune coming about in many other ways—is well pointed out. A much simpler thesis, which ought to require no demonstration, is that the actual gains accruing to those who make their fortunes in the operations of modern finance and industry do not correspond to the value of the social service they render. Still less, as the author says, can any absolute ethical justification be pleaded; it is only on the basis of social expediency that judgment can rationally be passed on the question of interference or non-interference with the workings of present-day distributive economics.

The Indian and His Problem. By Francis E. Leupp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

For many years a student of the Indian problem, and for seven, as commissioner, the personal representative of the Great Father at Washington in his dealings with the race, Mr. Leupp speaks with an authority which he nowhere imposes. The book is delightfully reasonable, full of excellent and significant anecdotes, humorous even in its attitude to scatterbrained humanitarians who obstruct administrative traffic. Against the self-accusing phrase, "a century of dishonor," Mr. Leupp protests, substituting "a century of misunderstanding." The difficulty with our Indian policy is that we have too long delayed to deal with the individual Indian. We have legislated instead for the race, or for the tribe. The result has been to prolong the term of tutelage and actually to hold back the Indians who were ready to become citizens. Again and again Mr. Leupp insists that the Indian problem is an individual and a human problem. Treat every Indian as you would a white of the same class and you will not go far wrong. Instead we have fed him, held his lands for him, sold them, and put the funds in trust—in every way made him a dependent.

With the support of President Roosevelt, to whom this book is dedicated, Commissioner Leupp was able to introduce the individualistic method. Formerly it required an act of Congress to make an Indian a citizen. Now this is done at the discretion of the commissioner. The humors and flexibility of the personal method are shown in the fact that the assignment of title to land is, as the case may be, a reward for a good or a punishment for a bad Indian. The thrifty Indian acquires with a vote the control of his own property and the responsibilities of citizenship, whereas the worthless Indian is read out of his favored condition as a ward and forced to take his chances with the law. In general, Mr. Leupp wants the individual Indian to be put on his own feet. Give him his lands and his share of trust funds whenever there is even a presumption that he can use them well. Encourage him to work, and give him an education suitable to his needs.

As commissioner, Mr. Leupp established an employment bureau which proved the capacity of the Indian for a great variety of trades. Too often in the past the nation has assumed that he can only be a farmer. Mr. Leupp was also able greatly to increase and improve those primary local schools on which he sets his faith. The wholesale attempt to provide secondary and higher education for the Indian has been pretty barren of results. There is profit for the boarding schools in the stipend which the government allots for each Indian pupil. The result has been an unseemly scramble for pupils, and their virtual purchase from venal parents. Many students have been alienated from their own people without learning to cope with the whites. Against making it easy for the Indian to acquire educational frills, therefore, Mr. Leupp sets himself firmly. The three R's and the elements of some mechanical trade will fit the Indian for holding his own in the community. More than this is usually superfluous. The exceptional Indian will always find the way to higher education open to talent. Within a few generations, as we make citizens of the Indians, the Indian problem will cease to be. The race will have been assimilated, and only an occasional name, the coppery

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tinge of a fair cheek, the straight black hair of a few Americans, will tell of the race that was.

We would gladly dwell upon Mr. Leupp's analysis of the Indian character. The morose, phlegmatic, and suspicious brave of fiction is with difficulty found in real life. The Indian has the primitive, the Homeric, qualities and defects. His family affections are the strongest. To a friend he is singularly open-hearted and companionable. His sense of honor is keen, and he keeps faith under trying conditions. He is a lavish giver, though with a shrewd barbaric feeling that his bread is being cast on the waters and will return. He is humorous withal, and a good judge of the foibles of his white superiors. The grotesque ignorance that prevails about Indian matters may be illustrated by that Senator who threatened to introduce a bill abolishing Hampton Institute—a private corporation; or by that other statesman who by the shifting of a decimal point discovered that the secondary education of the Red Man cost $1,700 per capita. Had the commissioner not had the opportunity of privately eliminating a zero there might perhaps have been a motion for a Congressional investigation. The perplexities and humors of that benevolent despotism, the Indian bureau, are discreetly hinted at with abundant, and needed, charity for all. This book should be widely read, especially by amateur philanthropists, who at a safe remove of fifteen hundred miles and more are endeavoring to befriend the Indian. It will show them many things that they may do to help, and more that are inexpedient or quite useless.

The Life of Principal Rainy. By Patrick Carnegie Simpson, M.A. In two volumes. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Robert Rainy was for forty years the leader of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. For thirty years of that time he was principal of New College, Edinburgh, the most famous theological school of his church, and for twelve years previous he had been a professor of church history in that institution. He was the author of several considerable volumes, notably a treatise on "The Ancient Catholic Church," and in earlier years he was pastor of an important church. But the chief occupation of his life was in the field of ecclesiastical politics, and his biographer has comparatively little to record concerning his administration of an educational institution or his work as a teacher and scholar, whereas discussion of his activities in ecclesiastical courts and controversies occupies nine-tenths of the volumes. In his forty years of church leadership Principal Rainy achieved at least one large and beneficent task: the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. In this long struggle he toiled with endless patience, consummate skill, unfailing tact and generalship, and with unquestioned devotion to the highest religious interests of his nation.

Such a record could not have been made without great intellectual force and large moral power. That Principal Rainy was a great man was the testimony of all who came in contact with him. Mr. Gladstone once declared him the greatest of living Scotchmen. Dr. George Adam Smith described him moving with quiet dignity in London amid affairs which brought together many of the foremost men of England, and was impressed with the feeling that "none was built bigger than he was." During his leadership the Scottish Free Church came to be one of the strongest and most progressive spiritual forces of Christendom. Certainly the difficult field of church union has known no greater master. The strong United Free Church of to-day is his monument.

In the religious thought and attitude of the Scotch people Principal Rainy's influence was not so pronounced. It would be hard to mention a single belief or doctrine which is the clearer or worthier because of his labors. The Scotland of to-day has a far nobler creed than the Scotland of fifty years ago, but little of the improvement can be attributed to the leader of the Free Church during that period. In the Robertson Smith controversy his influence on the whole was on the reactionary side. He tried to get rid of the prophetic and brilliant leader of the new critical movement "on respectful terms," *i. e.*, by casting him out uncondemned. He was more anxious to prevent a decision of the church on the critical issue than to establish justice for a great scholar.

His biographer has sought to justify his course, not altogether successfully. Doubtless the heretic was at times offensive—heretics usually are—but Rainy was large enough to discern beneath the personal limitations the great cause which Robertson Smith represented. It is clear enough that he did discern the real issue, but his temper was conservative, and with his great powers of leadership he preferred not to lead in the direction of wider freedom. He was an ecclesiastical, not a religious, leader, but in the field of ecclesiastical statesmanship the nineteenth century produced no superior.

Mr. Simpson has taken much pains in recounting the movements in Scottish Church affairs in which Principal Rainy was active. His volumes are really a history of church movements in Scotland for the last half century. He is evidently an intense sympathizer with the organization whose history he analyzes, as well as an ardent admirer of the chief actor in them. He has performed his task with thoroughness, and his volumes are a contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the nineteenth century.

Crete, the Forerunner of Greece. By C. H. and H. B. Hawes, with a preface by Arthur J. Evans. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents net.

Of the various handbooks which have appeared on the subject of recent excavations in Crete this is likely to prove the most useful. The authors have succeeded in furnishing what was much needed—a vivid picture of the great Cretan civilization. Anybody who is at all familiar with the mass of material brought to light in Crete during the last ten years will appreciate the difficulty of reconstructing from it a unified account which will bring out the essential features without neglecting the finer shades of the picture. As it is, "Crete, the Forerunner of Greece," will prove absorbing reading not only to the layman, but also to the trained archæologist; for, though the story runs on easily, bringing us into intimate contact with this wonderful Minoan world, there are also many original suggestions on points which are still awaiting final settlement—such as the race problem, the significance of certain symbols, and the system of chronology. This twofold value is due to the fact that, as Dr. Evans says in his preface to the book, the authors "have the great advantage of writing, 'not as scribes,' but as active workers in the field that they describe." Mrs. Hawes herself has excavated the Minoan town of Gournia in the eastern part of Greece, the results of which have been published in a large volume entitled "Gournia, Vasiliki, and Other Prehistoric Sites on the Isthmus of Hierapetra, Crete," from which she has freely quoted in her handbook; and Mr. Hawes has made important contributions to our knowledge of Cretan anthropology.

The divisions of the subject adopted by the writers show us the various aspects from which they have treated their material. The Introduction gives a short history of Cretan excavations. Then follow a survey of the various periods through which Cretan civilization passed and the system of chronology adopted for these periods. The descriptions of the sites—Knossos, Phæstos, Aghia Triadha, Gournia, Palaikastro, and others—give a good idea of the complicated plans of Minoan palaces and towns and will prove invaluable to the visitor in Crete; while the chapters on Physical Characteristics, Dress and Homes of the Minoans; Industries and Commerce; Minoan Art; Letters and Religion; Crete and Greece, give a good general survey of the manifold objects discovered on those sites.

Except for plans of Knossos, Phæstos,

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and Gournia, and a map of Crete, the book has no illustrations. With the low price of the book this omission could probably not be avoided; but the text is so good that it is to be hoped that a more expensive edition, fully illustrated, will appear in the near future.

Notes.

Houghton Mifflin Company publishes this week "Notes on New England Birds," by Henry D. Thoreau, which have been arranged and edited by Francis H. Allen. These notes are taken from the volumes of Thoreau's Journal, and are arranged in some scientific order, according to species. Photographs of birds in their natural surroundings illustrate the text.

The survey of Björnsterne Björnson's life and work, by William Morton Payne, which appeared in the *International Quarterly* in March, 1903, is now reprinted in a small volume, with changes and additions, by A. C. McClurg & Co., at fifty cents. This work includes original translations of several of the lyrics and of passages from Björnson's prose-writings.

Publication of a complete history of the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, one of the early American magazines which enjoyed a life for ten years, just one century ago, is announced by the trustees of the Boston Athenæum, to appear May 15. This volume, which will include an introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, will contain much bibliographical matter concerning books reviewed in the magazine, a list of all contributors, and all weekly records of the club of young men who were editors.

The literary executors of Mark Twain, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, his daughter, and Albert Bigelow Paine, are preparing biographical material of the humorist, and wish to get all letters of personal or literary interest. These should be sent to Redding, Conn. The publishers (Harper & Brothers) call attention to a recent decision of the courts concerning ownership of letters, in which it was held that right of publication was vested in the writer, when living, and, after death, in the heirs. Those to whom the letters were written are debarred from publishing, except by consent of the executors.

During a nine years' residence in Papua, Annie Ker diligently collected the folk tales which she now publishes under the not quite descriptive title "Papuan Fairy Tales" (Macmillan). Deluges, transformations of men, or their souls, into beasts, monstrous offspring of the loves of men and animals, are some of the features that take us back to the twilight of the mythologies. Cannibalism is a frequent motive. One man, longing for "fresh meat," eats in succession his five wives. His children would have followed but for their craft, and some aid of magic. It was more or less the fault of the wives, for they let themselves be wheedled into disregarding the plain warning of the wise wagtail. Generally speaking, the animals are closely allied to man and usually friendly. Some of the tales are simple fables, like that which explains how the turtle got his shell. The masterpiece in the collection is "How a Man Found His Wife in the Land of the Dead." It tells how, following a burrow, the man reached a place where the dead every night resume possession of their bones. His wife greeted him affectionately, and hid him from the malicious dead. Plighting his word to return, he unhappily plucked the fruit of the nether world on his way up, was thus delayed, attacked by the dead, and, losing the fruit, barely escaped with his life. The burrow which admitted him was then forever closed. We recommend the story to experts on underworld folklore. The mere layman can appreciate its *macabre* intensity. The author has induced the natives to pose for certain incidents of the stories. The resulting photographic cuts make very effective illustrations for a book in every way out of the common.

C. F. Tucker Brooke, who has already done valiant service in editing the "Shakespeare Apocrypha," has now prepared a similar volume for the Clarendon Press, containing "The Works of Christopher Marlowe." As this publication is preliminary to a more elaborate library edition already in preparation, we shall withhold our comments on Mr. Brooke's treatment of moot points of scholarship until we have before us his fuller discussion of them. Except in one matter there can be little but praise for the execution of the present volume. Mr. Brooke, following the custom of the day, has elected to reproduce the spelling of the originals, although he has allowed himself liberties with the punctuation and capitalization. For our part we can see no better reason for changing "unmeaning irregularities" in points and capitals than in spelling, and we wish to protest strongly—though, no doubt, uselessly—against the growing habit of reproducing the unsettled spelling of Elizabethan authors, except in cases where only the most special linguistic students can be concerned. What possible profit can there be in printing "towne" for town, or "quyuering" for quivering, and so on *ad infinitum?* The only result is to remove Marlowe a step further from the business and bosom of the ordinary intelligent reader, and to render him—as all our older authors are too likely to become without any such unnecessary propulsion—not a living factor in literature, but a bone for pedants to gnaw in the *seminar*. No sensible man wishes to think of the spelling while reading Faust's great apostrophe:

> Was this the face that launcht a thousand shippes?
> And burnt the toplesse Towres of *Ilium?*
> Sweete *Helen,* make me immortall with a kisse:
> Her lips suckes forth my soule, see where it flies:
> Come *Helen,* come giue mee my soule againe.
> Here wil I dwel, for heauen be in these lips, etc.

This, by calling attention to the unessential, is to reduce sublimity to quaintness. Such editing is serviceable in the case of a poet like Spenser, in whom quaintness is part of the legitimate attraction; to Marlowe it does a grievous injustice.

We have dwelt overlong on this matter of spelling, not because Mr. Brooke is a particular offender, but because the offence is so widespread. For the rest his work is commendable for accuracy and judgment. We note that he has given for the first time a reprint of the 1594 quarto of "Edward II," which offers a better reading than the text of 1598, hitherto reproduced. With the "Hero and Leander" he gives, in smaller type, the continuation by Chapman; and with the translation of "Ovid's Elegies" the "Epigrams" of John Davies. For his laborious care in collating the early and modern editions, and in noting in the *apparatus criticus* all the important variations and emendations, he must have the gratitude of all scholars. We have observed only one fault in the text; in line 430 of "Hero and Leander,"

> As he ought not performe, not yet the aske,

"she" should be substituted, or in some way indicated, for "the." Mr. Brooke's larger library edition of Marlowe will be awaited with interest.

"An Admiral's Log," by Robley D. Evans, Rear Admiral, U. S. N. (Appleton), necessarily lacks a little of the variety and spirit that made its predecessor, "A Sailor's Log," so engaging. The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, whose escort Admiral Evans was, takes up considerable space. Admiral Evans leaves no doubt that the royal guest is a good fellow. A pleasant sequel of this service were the courtesies that Admiral Evans subsequently received from German naval officers on many seas. On the eve of the Russo-Japanese war Admiral Evans was associated with the Pacific squadron which he later commanded. His account of the beginnings of scientific target practice, of fleet service, and recreations in the Far East, of the humors of manœuvres with absurdly assorted squadrons, is interesting, though its appeal is chiefly to those who have some knowledge of naval affairs. Of historical value is the testimony as to the amazing infatuation of Russian army and navy people about the resources of Japan. Very vividly noted is an audience with the Empress of China, who talked freely of the Boxer troubles and dismissed her guest with the words, "After all my country has suffered, I find she has but one friend in the world. That, Admiral, is the great country you represent." Worth noting also is the wonderment of German officers when they saw boatloads of American sailors returning from sports ashore without an officer in charge. Less than an officer to a boat seemed inconceivable to the Kaiser's captains. That American commander who near the close of the war between China and Japan was asked to hoist the American flag in a Formosa port resisted a temptation, opines our author, to which a German or French captain would have succumbed. It is further suggested that had Theodore Roosevelt been President at the time, the United States would have gained a coaling station. Since Admiral Evans elsewhere admits that all our Pacific islands are sources of military weakness to us, we may be resigned to the fact that the Formosa offer was made before the strenuous life became national policy. Towards the bluejackets this book is always generous. For certain "men in swivel chairs" it displays little charity. These sedentary experts fail to provide a decent enlistment system. Sometimes they idiotically urge squadrons that have barely learned the art of keeping line formation to indulge in battle tactics. We share the seaman's despair at the devious councils of the bureaucrats, but confess we see no remedy. Take ten gallant captains from their quarter decks and immure them in Washington offices, and what do they speedily become but so many "men in swivel chairs"? It was Admiral Evans's good fortune to lead the word-circling fleet as far as San Francisco, where illness forced his resigna-

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tion of the command. Few naval men of our time have so completely and legitimately captured the imagination of the people. The reason is plain on every page of this book. It has the gentlemanly plainspokenness that we like to think prevails in the line. It can be pathetic, as when it touches the shadow that so unfairly dimmed the laurels of Admiral Sampson. It can be drastic, and even scornful, but it is always fair, and the expression is moderated to the tone of good company. All who wish to see the navy from the inside should read it.

The humanitarian trend of British Liberalism may be studied very satisfactorily in the twenty-one addresses collected by Winston Spencer Churchill, and called "Liberalism and the Social Problem" (Doran Co.). Of old-age pensions, unemployment and disability insurance, and readjustment of land tenure, Mr. Churchill is a convinced advocate. Of an Imperial tariff union, based on English protection, he is a formidable foe. Though a believer in an adequate army and navy, his aim is rather to build up the manhood of the nation for the purposes of peace. He reckons the moral weight of England an important adjunct to her battleships and guns in maintaining international peace. The more recent speeches looked forward to a clear-cut contest with the Lords on the budget. Events have denied the drastic verdict that was hoped for on the issue of financial prerogative. Unhappily, the vote split upon a number of motives. The lure of protection and "taxing the foreigner"—that "gospel of quacks and creed of gulls," as Mr. Churchill justly terms it—was strong upon the popular imagination. So the Lords got their lesson, to be sure, but with something less than exemplary emphasis. On the taxation of the land increment, Mr. Churchill is eloquent, but it is odd to see this tax proposed as a self-evident utility without the slightest mention of the erstwhile agitator, Henry George. One George in the recent campaign may have seemed sufficient. We recommend this earnest and able book to all who wish to see how old-style Liberalism has been impelled upon a new course of paternalism. The pressure, it should be noted, has come not from doctrine, but from hard facts. In the face of alarming social and industrial disintegration a party has had to reintegrate its principles and policy. Liberalism has been fortunate in such a weighty and moderate spokesman as Mr. Churchill. We copy a maxim which gives his temper as to that British shibboleth security of property: "A society in which property was insecure would speedily degenerate into barbarism; a society in which property was absolutely secure, irrespective of all conceptions of justice in regard to the manner of its acquisition, would degenerate, not to barbarism, but to death."

Dr. Julius Richter has translated, with complete revision and much enlargement, his German work on Protestant missionary work in Mohammedan countries. The English title is "A History of Protestant Missions in the Near East" (Revell). The work is of much interest and value to friends of the missionary endeavors of the American and Presbyterian Boards in Turkey, Syria, Persia, and Egypt. In no part of the world are such efforts more difficult and discouraging, and in no mission stations have greater patience and resourcefulness been exhibited. All Americans, irrespective of creed, may take pride in the character of the men who have conducted Protestant missions in Turkey and Syria, especially the leaders of the educational institutions. Dr. Richter has high praise for the colleges in the near East, founded and supported by Americans, especially for the Syrian Protestant College, at Beirut, and Robert College at Constantinople. He is a competent historian, of careful regard for facts, although he nowhere conceals his sympathy with the work he describes, nor his admiration for the men who are responsible for its still expanding influence.

Woldemar von Biedermann's "Goethes Gespräche," published in 1889-1896 (Biedermann, Leipzig), has for some time been out of print, and the first two volumes of a new edition, revised and enlarged by his son, Flodoard von Biedermann, have recently appeared. The original edition was in ten volumes, the new one is to be in five, in spite of the fact that the amount of material is more than doubled. The new editor has changed the outward form of the work, including the substitution of Latin for German type, and has reduced the number of volumes in order to bring the price of the set within the reach of all who should own it. For this he deserves the special thanks of Goethe students. It was the original aim of the elder Biedermann to include in his collection, as nearly as possible at that date, all well authenticated conversations, and some of Goethe's sayings that had found a place among his posthumous writings. As Biedermann's volumes appeared, one after another, his intention was somewhat modified. His final plan is carried out by his son, and the new edition is to contain, in addition to conversations, a great deal of other material bearing on the poet's personality and work, and emanating from direct personal contact with him. This makes the new edition more comprehensive, and more valuable than the old, not only because the many omissions, intentional and unintentional, of the first collection have been supplied, but also because the enlarged scope of the work comprises an important body of subject-matter for which no more suitable place could be found. The editor has endeavored so to arrange his material, in the main chronologically, that it will show more or less consecutive unity. Certain items that would tend to disturb this impression, and are of interest only to specialists, have been reserved for the fifth volume, which is to contain further a list of sources, a brief commentary, and indexes. Volume I covers the period between 1754 and 1808, Volume II that from 1808 to 1823. In the collection of his material von Biedermann has received assistance from a large number of interested investigators. On the title page are mentioned the names of three scholars whose share in the work entitle them to recognition as associate editors, viz., Max Morris of Berlin, Hans Gerhard Gräf of Weimar, and Leonard L. Mackall, an American. Mr. Mackall's connection with the work is due to his unrivalled familiarity with the literature on Goethe's relations to English-speaking foreigners.

Gleason L. Archer's "Law Office and Court Procedure" (Little, Brown & Co.) is designed to meet "one of the gravest reproaches of American law schools," "that their graduates know nothing of how to practise law upon admission to the bar," and to serve as a substantial basis for instruction in procedure and practice. Detail, which to some may seem trivial, is therefore properly included, even suggestions touching the lawyer's first interview with his client and the office preliminaries before any litigious move. The choice of courts and of processes is discussed briefly; the body of the work is devoted, first, to the various steps from the drawing of the writ and the various pleadings to the marking for trial, with the variety of incidental moves, and, secondly, to the conduct of a trial from the marshalling of evidence and the choice of a jury down to the summing up and to the appeal and bill of exceptions. Such incidental material as the brief formal descriptions of parties to actions (pp. 56-59), the form of the various "common counts" (p. 74), the forms of special counts (pp. 76-84), and even such a detail as a description of the "capias clause," will be welcome to every student of the history of pleading who does not care to be led through the case-books. More than one-third of the space is given up to extracts from stenographers' minutes of actual trials, illustrative of the proper method of examining jurors and witnesses. The conduct of a trial is worked out in a practical and clear manner, and much of this material is even very readable. Much use is made of the record in the recent case of Commonwealth vs. Tucker, but, oddly enough, it does not appear in the index of cases. The volume grows out of instruction in the new Suffolk School of Law, and is largely based upon the procedure of Massachusetts as a typical "common law" State, although nearly two-thirds of the cases cited are from jurisdictions other than Massachusetts. The range of usefulness would be much widened if, where the Massachusetts statutes are cited, citations were made to the corresponding statute in similar jurisdictions, and also to the analogous material in the "code" States, in order to show to what extent the latter have, as regards pleading and procedure, followed or abandoned the path of the common law.

We are glad to see that the second edition of Señor Constantino Lendoyro's "The Tagalog Language" (Manila: Printed by Juan Fajardo) is so great an improvement over the first, of 1902, as to be really a new work. Tagalog is the vernacular, as every one knows, of probably 2,000,000 of the inhabitants of the Philippines, and Don Constantino's treatise must remain for years to come a standard. The first edition had already proved the unacknowledged source of inspiration of other writers. We note in comparison with the first that the present edition has 448 pages, as against 387, not counting an index lacking in the first; and an introduction of pp. cxvi, dealing with the origin of the language. Both editions contain a key to the exercises, these being different in the two editions. To scholars, the introduction will prove of chief interest. It cannot be fully noticed here, but we may say that it is of sufficient importance to justify the acquisition of the whole work by all considerable libraries.

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The book may be got of E. C. McCullough & Co. of Manila.

"A Holiday with the Birds," by Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody (Harpers), is a fairly good children's book. The information about birds is conveyed by means of dialogue between a party of children and various adults who guide them in their picknicking, berrying, and other outdoor rambles. In the main this talk is natural enough on the part of the children, while the instruction of their elders is imparted in a manner which is simple without often being silly. The accompanying pictures of birds are rather stiffly and sometimes none too accurately drawn, but they serve to illustrate the text after a fashion.

The April number of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with a paper by Thomas Willing Balch on the Arctic and Antarctic Regions and the Law of Nations—discussing the question, recently raised, whether those regions are susceptible of national ownership and control. Within the limits of ten pages Mr. Balch presents his own views, and opinions of the best-known writers on public law bearing on this question—a question essentially different, he with good reason contends, whether applied to the Antarctic, the polar extremity of which those who have been farthest south think is terra firma, or to the North Pole, where, if Peary has correctly reported conditions, there is but a mass of ice, moving from west to east over several thousand fathoms' depth of water. He declares that where no permanent occupation can be maintained, no sovereignty or control can be acquired; hence, that the North Polar Sea at least is free, and that, inasmuch as at the other extremity there can be no permanent occupation, an assertion of dominion there would be untenable.

The next paper is Mr. Ion's, showing the uncertainty of the Cretan status; while the next three have direct reference to American affairs. The first of these, by Harry E. Hunt, discusses the status of our Great Lakes in the light of international law, especially whether the effort to extend the Federal jurisdiction beyond that in admiralty merely, in the process of which extension they have been denominated "high seas," is legally or constitutionally justifiable, or whether they do not, except in admiralty matters, properly come under State jurisdiction solely. If they are "high seas" in the ordinary sense, they should be open to world navigation—which admittedly they are not; for by treaty between the United States and Great Britain the latter Power has been accorded rights of navigation through the St. Clair Flats Canal and Lake Michigan, which are wholly within our national limits, in return for which she permits our vessels to pass through the Welland Canal and out through the St. Lawrence. The writer thinks the decisions of our courts and the acts of our government have been more far-reaching in their results than could have been foreseen, and that it is essential to modify or reverse certain of them, to compel conformity to earlier decisions and policy. The second paper, by H. S. Knapp, relates to the real status of the Panama Canal in relation to neutralization. It is a long paper, treating the subject historically, with reference to several treaties, including the Clayton-Bulwer and the Hay-Pauncefote; tracing the important changes of claim and achievement, that have emerged. The third paper, having an especial bearing on American policy, is that by Howard Thayer Kingsbury, on The Act of State doctrine, familiar on the Continent of Europe, but at variance with the generally understood doctrines of the common law and with English and American statutes.

S. Hastings Grant, who was for seventeen years librarian of the Mercantile Library, New York, and who, with Daniel C. Gilman, organized the first librarians' convention, died on Monday at Elizabeth, N. J., at the age of eighty-two. He compiled "New York City During the Revolution," and was a contributor to the *Historical Magazine* and one of the founders of the *Genealogical and Biographical Record*.

Dr. Horace B. Silliman, who gave Silliman Hall to his alma mater, Union College, and had contributed to other educational and missionary enterprises, died at his home in Cohoes last week, at the age of eighty-four. One of his most notable benefactions was his gift of about $100,000 to establish at Damaquete, on the Negros island of the Philippines, a school after the plan of Hampton Institute. This school was opened during the administration of Mr. Taft, who highly commended its work.

Science.

"Birds of the World, for Young People," by Charles R. Knight and Ella Hardcastle (Stokes), is certainly no more than its authors represent it to be—"a brief description of such birds of the world as are usually to be seen in zoölogical collections and in museums." In fact, almost any museum which really deserves the name will contain many specimens not described in this text. And though the expressed purpose "to give special attention to the birds of America, to corresponding species and allied forms found in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and to certain of the more remarkable and interesting birds of other continents" is a pretty difficult undertaking, especially within the limits of the present volume (260 pages), it should seem that the selection might have been made more characteristic and representative, particularly with respect to American birds. Nor do we think the authors have always succeeded in making the best possible use of the limited space at their disposal in giving "some of the most significant and striking facts" of bird life-histories, or in supplying descriptions which will aid in identification. It is insufficient, and a bit misleading as well, to say that the sharp-shinned hawk and the cooper's hawk "are very destructive to poultry"; for the first named is a relatively small bird, and does not make a practice of attacking any but very small chickens, while the important fact about both of these hawks is that they are ruthless and persistent destroyers of the small and very valuable insectivorous birds, wherefore they themselves are entitled to nothing short of extermination. And the authors should have devoted at least a sentence or two to explaining that the red-shouldered and red-tailed hawks (loosely called "chicken hawks"), by their industrious destruction of harmful rodents and insects, repay the farmer many times over for the occasional chickens they pick up. A popular error is left uncorrected in the statement that the carrier pigeon "is also sometimes called the homing pigeon"; for the carrier and the homer are different birds. Again, in the description of the red-headed woodpecker there is no mention of the fact that he is an industrious and quite skilful fly-catcher, a very important characteristic; while the purple martin is by no means confined to the Southern States, as the text implies.

The incompleteness of the selection of birds treated in the text has already been referred to. According to the index, only seven warblers are mentioned, while there are about sixty distinct species native to North America alone, and nearly half of these are to be found in the Eastern United States. Again, the index names six sparrows, whereas Mr. Hoffman describes eighteen species in his "Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York." Wilson's "Ornithology" enumerates eleven American plover, while the present book speaks of but three American species. There are about a dozen American sandpipers, but here we find only three mentioned. Some of the colored illustrations are good, but most of them are indifferent or bad; and none of them to be compared with the work of Mr. Fuertes and Mr. Horsfall, which, perhaps, has made American ornithologists a bit fastidious. In short, though the book may serve the purpose of a rough enumeration of native and foreign birds, its actual ornithological value is inconsiderable, even for "young people."

A systematic survey of the Mediterranean, its biology, hydrography, meteorology, its tides, and its chemical and physical characteristics, has been undertaken by the Italian Society for the Progress of Science as its initial field of scientific research. The first number of the *Bollettino del Comitato Talassografico* shows that this committee is made up of seventeen leading specialists, representing the most important Italian bodies interested in the study of the sea, such as the Instituto Idrografico of the Royal Navy, the Royal Geodetic Commission, the Central Meteorological Bureau, the Reale Magistrato alle acque per le province Venete e di Mantova (a new body reviving an efficient commission of the Venetian republic, which provides for the proper control of the river and coast waters of those provinces, and which has already established a thorough system of marine observations in the upper Adriatic, and is extending them as far as Brindisi), the Geodynamic and Mareographic Station, at Ischia the station of Pisciculture at Rome, the Royal Accademia dei Lincei, and the ministries of Marine, of Education, and of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, with the active coöperation of their respective bureaus. The president of this society is, ex-officio, chairman of the committee. In order to concentrate all available resources and so coöperate with similar work undertaken by the Austrian government, and by the Imperial zoölogical station of Trieste, the Adriatic has been chosen as the first field of research, which will be gradually extended to all parts of the Mediterranean. A suitably equipped boat will make four periodical cruises each year. Preliminary excursions of two and three weeks each, were made in August and in

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November, 1909. The plan includes the rehabilitation of the zoölogical station at Messina (on account of the peculiar importance of its fauna), the publication of appropriate monographs, and the issue of the *Bollettino*, in which will be reported accounts of these cruises and other transactions of this committee. An exhaustive review of previous explorations of the Mediterranean, with a bibliography, will be printed in an early number.

Within the past twenty-five years the teaching of geography has experienced a revolution. From a purely descriptive branch of science, dealing chiefly with countries as depicted on a map, it has been galvanized into new life by a wholesome infusion of geology. Mountains, plains, rivers, oceans, all the familiar features of the earth, are now regarded as the results of developmental processes, and, from this point of view, they are studied not alone for their own sakes, but also in their relations to man. Foremost among the Americans who have brought the change to pass is Prof. W. M. Davis, and his "Geographical Essays," edited by D. W. Johnson (Ginn), will forcibly bring home to every reader the large influence which he has exerted. The essays are divided into two groups, the first educational, the second physiographic. Together they constitute virtually an historical review of modern geography. The editing has been performed with excellent discrimination and judgment.

Dr. Eugene Hodenpyl, a New York bacteriologist, died at his home in this city last Thursday at the age of forty-six. He had made important investigations of the cause of cancer, the results of which he published last February.

Drama.

Chantecler: Pièce en quatre actes, en vers. Par Edmond Rostand. Imported by Lemcke & Buechner, New York.

It happens rarely in an age like the present that dramatic imagination becomes truly dynamic. The playwright, along with the artisan, hugs his fact, in a desire to present a life which shall seem real. More and more the stage has been usurped by literal studies of social and political problems; and the sporadic essays into thoughts and feelings of larger reach have issued usually from the authors themselves in the form of mere fantasies. Under such conditions to attempt seriously to regulate the present-day spirit by a drama in verse with the power of poetry as its central idea will strike the multitude as quixotic. Such nevertheless is the plan and purpose of "Chantecler."

For "Chantecler" is not just a minute study of poultry life, nor a mere fantasy derived from transitory likenesses between bird and man. It is a direct gaze at the possibilities of human nature when touched by imagination. From this the reader is never for a moment distracted, even by the great interest which the author has effected in the creatures themselves. Chantecler is a cock, a very life-like cock, who prefers a barley-corn to a pearl; but above all he is a poet. In his song lies the secret of the day-spring and of the changing beauty of the landscape. As the pigeon says of him:

C'est Celui dont le cri perce l'horizon bleu
Comme une aiguille d'or qui toujours enfilée
Coudrait au bord du ciel le bord de la vallée.
C'est le Coq!

To the sun he himself chants:

Tu prends un arbre obscur et tu l'apothéoses!

And later he confides to the hen-pheasant,

Quand on sait regarder et souffrir, on sait tout.

This is the language of a poet who believes in the omnipotence of imagination.

M. Rostand's choice of the cock to fulfil this union of realism and idealism was a happy one. Traditionally, the cock has been a homely companion of man, well planted on earth; and traditionally, too, he has been the poet's bird, with his eye much on heaven. This fitness of the cock as a literary device seems to have come to M. Rostand as a real vision. In the barnyard he observed a complete miniature world, containing manifold foibles, poses, and ambitions; and in the cock both a practical ruler and a transformer. We may now follow the play in some detail.

The curtain starts to rise when a voice cries out, "Pas encor!" and the director of the theatre rushes out to prepare the audience for the strange scene about to be presented. The author is evidently very much in earnest and does not wish the audience to be surprised into a guffaw. The sounds which issue from behind the curtain are interpreted by the director to mean that it is Sunday on a farm, and that the human members of the household are leaving for a fête.

A few more preparations, and finally the curtain rises. Meeting the eye is the clutter of a complete barnyard. Chickens, ducks, turkeys are chattering and taking attitudes. In addition, there is a blackbird in a cage among the vines, an old hen brooding in a market-basket, a cat asleep on the wall, and a watch-dog chained to his kennel. Chantecler for the moment is absent, but we are not long left in doubt as to his position in the play; for a pigeon soon lights on the roof of the adjoining stable to inquire about the cock's famous voice, and to add his own testimony. Amid all the distractions of the barnyard the pigeon returns again and again to the matter with his pretty, beckoning "Poule blanche, est-ce vrai que . . . ." or glorifies the cock, as in the following words,

. . . . . sa voix si rouge
Qu'à son cocorico le coquelicot bouge
Comme s'il s'entendait appeler par son nom.

After this excellent introduction Chantecler enters. He is full of the wonder of the sun, and manages in spite of interruptions to complete an ode, beginning,

Toi qui sèches les pleurs des moindres graminées,
Qui fais d'une fleur morte un vivant papillon,
Lorsqu'on voit, s'effeuillant comme des destinées,
Trembler au vent des Pyrénées
Les amandiers du Roussillon,
Je t'adore, Soleil!

It has already become evident that in Chantecler's crowing there lies a deep secret. The hens are piqued into fancying that it concerns his preference for one of them, but he puts them off with a "chut!" and keeps his own counsel.

As the act proceeds, we are plunged into a spirited discussion, of which the chief participants are the blackbird and Patou, the dog, Chantecler being for the moment but the moderator. Although the language is for the most part kept beautifully objective, it is clear that the discussion has to do with the power of poetic imagination. To Patou, it is given to enounce the elements of Chantecler's as yet unconscious creed. With the cock he shares fundamental traits, especially a fondness for the soil and for the sun. He is a declared guardian of faith; he believes in the established order of things, and possesses a humble but courageous optimism. As such, he is an enemy of the blackbird, the smart, cynical, up-to-date pretender, who is termed offensive, because "on ne sait pas ce qu'il est"; he is black, and that means a negative being, too timid to commit himself to colors. His black costume also provokes the charge that he is the agile undertaker of faith. The blackbird, lacking soul, sets up his rest on *esprit*, and is ever busy "with having the air of not being a fool." Thus far, it is from the dog, chiefly, that we learn of Chantecler's outlook, though, to be sure, this assumes perspective and certainty by the *vieille poule*, who fittingly speaks pithy folklore. Upon her is the wisdom of the ages; she approves of her brave son.

The development of the cock's creed begins with the entrance of the hen-pheasant, who, in great fear of a pursuing poacher, now flies over the wall to seek protection. She is the adventuress with the plumage of the Orient, just the creature to attract and give range to the dawn-loving Chantecler, who before long admits to Patou that "c'est une poule avec laquelle on cause!" Darkness falls, and Chantecler houses his hens in the coop, and the hen-pheasant in Patou's kennel. Both hero and heroine are obviously disturbed.

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The second act is the most lyric and the most intense of the four. Here Chantecler confides to the pheasant his secret, which is that unless he crows the sun will not rise; that he, for some strange reason, in place of any other cock, has been chosen guardian of the day:

Je me trouve indigne de ma gloire.
Pourquoi m'a-t-on choisi pour chasser la nuit noire?

He now proceeds to exhibit his *métier*. At each *cocorico* a glory is cast over some feature of the landscape, and the world becomes vibrant with light and love:

Chantecler. Tu me fais mieux chanter. Viens plus près. Collabore.
La Faisane. (bondissant près de lui.) Je t'aime!
Chantecler. Oui! tous les mots que tu me dis tout bas
Deviennent aussitôt plus de soleil là-bas!
La Faisane. Je t'aime!
Chantecler. Et si tu dis seulement: "Je t'adore!"
Je vais dorer d'un coup la montagne!
La Faisane. (hors d'elle.) Eh bien . . . dore!
Chantecler. (lançant son cri le plus éclatant.)
Cocorico! (La montagne s'est dorée.)

. . . . . .

La Faisane. Ah! sur une pente engourdie,
Glisse un premier rayon. . . .
Chantecler. (joyeusement.) Tiens! je te le dédie!

. . . . . .

La Faisane. J'écoute se lever le jour dans ta poitrine!
J'aime avoir entendu d'abord dans tes poumons
Ce qui sera plus tard des pourpres sur les monts!

. . . . . .

Chantecler. Je fais mon devoir en te rendant plus belle:
Je redore à la fois mon vallon et ton aile!

To the pheasant he explains that the other cocks, who now begin to crow, get their cue from him; he is the first to crow. They believe in the light when they can see it, but

J'ai chanté dans du noir.
—Ma chanson s'éleva dans l'ombre, et la première.
C'est la nuit qu'il est beau de croire à la lumière!

Once the sun has risen and the noises of the day have begun, Chantecler is overcome by the thought of his great responsibility: shall he be able to repeat the miracle to-morrow? The beauty of the scene has for the moment convinced the worldly-wise pheasant of Chantecler's power.

Here, again, as in the first act, the allegory is transparent. It is a question of poetic imagination, and of the extent to which a poet can create the world in which he lives, if he believes himself to be truly inspired. The point is made still clearer by the concluding scene, in which the blackbird is scored for his prosaic outlook:

Chantecler. Tu n'as pas vu trembler les cimes écarlates?
Le Merle. Pendant que tu chantais je regardais tes pattes!

The third act requires but slight mention, though its cleverness is supreme. The guinea-fowl's five o'clock (A. M.) reception—a *lundi*—held in the kitchen-garden, under the sanction of the scarecrow who is supposed to keep away all but the very select, is, of course, a satire on modish patronage of empty titles and wanton display. Despite the harrowing features of the reception, chief among them being the duel to which Chantecler is provoked by the game-cock, the guinea-fowl exclaims to her young, after the others have gone:

C'est la plus belle fête encor qu'il y ait eue!

The fourth act is scarcely behind the second in beauty. Chantecler, disgusted by the treachery and prosiness of his kin, has gone to the forest with the pheasant. Now deeply in love with him, the pheasant is jealous of his love for the dawn. She urges him to go one day without crowing. The way is clearing rapidly for the great disillusion, which is well motived by the pheasant's profound jealousy and not by any mere whim on her part. She will wait until the nightingale sings, and Chantecler may be so absorbed that he will forget to crow; his belief in his control of the sun will be shattered, and his love will then be consecrated to her alone. The first part of the plan works well. Chantecler, a poet but no out-and-out egoist, is ravished by the nightingale's superior note, and hearkens while the East becomes dappled. He is further distracted by the sudden death of the nightingale, who is shot by the poacher. The sun has risen, and the pheasant turns triumphantly to the cock:

On est tout pour un cœur, rien pour un horizon!

But though crushed at first, he soon recovers and is inspired to a new and safer belief by the note of another nightingale, perhaps more beautiful than the first, and by a voice saying:

Il faut un rossignol, toujours, dans la forêt!

To which Chantecler adds, perhaps a bit too morally:

Et, dans l'âme, une foi si bien habituée
Qu' elle y revienne encore après qu'on l'a tuée!

But the pheasant persists:

Mais si tu ne fais pas se lever le matin?
Chantecler. C'est que je suis le Coq d'un soleil plus lointain!
Mes cris font à la Nuit qu'ils percent sous ses voiles
Ces blessures de jour qu'on prend pour des étoiles!

. . . . . .

Chaque ferme a son Coq qui chante dans sa cour.

No longer can he believe himself to be sole guardian of the day; his horizon has broadened, he is one of many who together have power to illumine and recreate.

On "Chantecler," M. Rostand has obviously bestowed infinite love and patience. His virtuosity is, of course, well known; but only inspiration and numberless revisions could in this case have effected such keen manipulation of detail. The reader is again and again thrilled by the natural way in which simple actions are swerved to a high purpose. The cock, believing that his crow expresses the cry of the earth for the light, takes pains to scratch the gravel away so as to come into close contact with the soil before he utters a sound. Even the welter of *divertissement*, such as the plot by the creatures of night against Chantecler, and the capers of the toads, rabbits, and others in the forest, is held to such strict account by the central theme that one readily forgives numerous examples of wilful wit in the form of puns, slang, and a too wide allusiveness. There is splendid variety in the midst of insistent purpose.

Mrs. Marie Walsh, a playwright and novelist who was widely known nearly a generation ago, died in Brooklyn on Sunday. She began her literary career as writer for a Boston weekly, and dramatized a number of novels, including "Three Times Dead," "Griffith Gaunt," "Archie Lovell," and the novel on Mormon life, "Wife of Two Husbands." She produced the two plays "Who is She?" and "Our City."

Music.

The Story of Opera. By E. Markham Lee. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Musical Sketches. By Elise Polko. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25 net.

Appendix A of Mr. Lee's book consists of thirty-two pages of brief paragraphs on operatic composers, singers, and conductors. The names are arranged chronologically, and Mascagni, who was born in 1864, is at the end of the list. In that same year, however, was born Eugen D'Albert, whose operas have been sung more frequently in Germany in recent years than those of any of the masters, excepting Wagner and Verdi; yet he is nowhere mentioned in this volume. The composers still living who are deemed worthy of notice in it are the Austrian Goldmark and two Germans: Humperdinck and Strauss; seven Italians: Boïto, Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Cilea, Mancinelli, Franchetti; seven Frenchmen: Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Messager, Bruneau, d'Indy, Charpentier, and

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Debussy; seven Englishmen: Mackenzie, Stanford, Cowen, Bunning, Corder, De Lara, McCunn; and one Englishwoman, Ethel Smyth. The author's comments on these are, on the whole, sane and unbiassed by patriotic or other prejudices. One reason, he thinks, why opera is not so successful in England as elsewhere is that "it is not the hobby and delight of the man in the street, as it is in many Continental countries." The worshippers of Strauss and Debussy will bear him a grudge for saying repeatedly that since the time of Wagner there has been nothing which can lay claim to having advanced the operatic art; but he is right.

Although the author is a "Mus. Doc., Cantab.," his volume is not a scholarly treatise like Apthorp's "The Opera, Past and Present," or Streatfeild's "The Opera." Its appeal is to a class of readers who desire a brief and lucid summary of operatic history, with chapters on the most notable schools. The three reformers, Monteverdi, Gluck, and Wagner, are discussed in one chapter, and Wagner has another by himself. The chief opera houses in the world are described, and hints are given on the art of listening to an opera in such a way as to get the most pleasure from it. In one appendix, information is imparted as to the pecuniary aid granted to operatic schemes in various countries, and another gives a bird's-eye view of the instruments used in the orchestras of composers of different periods of opera.

A surprising number of English writers harbor the delusion that the nominative plural of *Leitmotiv* is *Leitmotiven*. Mr. Lee is one of them; he also embellishes the first *e* in Delibes with a superfluous accent; he allows Humperdinck and Seidl to masquerade as Hamperdinck and Siedl, and takes the liberty of hyphenating César Cui. The erroneous statement is made that there is in Puccini's operas no definite characterization by means of leading motives; the story of "Hänsel and Gretel" is attributed to Andersen, instead of to Grimm; and the author forgot "Siegfried" when he asserted that "Die Meistersinger" is the one work of Wagner embodying humorous touches. Finally, why persist in writing Monteverde, in disregard of the fact that the 113 autograph letters of that Italian reformer which have come down to us are, without exception, signed Monteverdi? A "Mus. Doc., Cantab." ought to know such things.

There are some things in musical history and biography which nobody knows, but which many would like to know—minute details regarding certain famous episodes in the lives of the great masters. Where facts fail, the imagination comes to the rescue. Elise Polko's "Musical Sketches" are made up of such episodes, historically correct for the most part, but embellished and vitalized by her fancy. Frau Polko was a sister of the well-known African explorer Eduard Vogel; she knew Mendelssohn, was for a time an opera singer, and then devoted herself to writing books, mostly musical stories. For such there is always a demand. Her "Musikalische Märchen" appeared in three volumes (1852-1903), and have passed through fifteen editions. The English version includes twenty-five of the best of them; Bach, Gluck, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Paganini, Handel, Schumann, are among the masters one meets on intimate footing in these pages. Frau Polko has been decried as a sentimentalist, and undoubtedly there are oversentimental, "gushy" paragraphs in her books; yet this is just what many like, while those who do not, will frequently come across touches of genuine feeling which bring tears to the eyes. As a means of kindling enthusiasm in young folks for the great composers, nothing could be better than these "Sketches."

Luciano Conterno, the bandmaster, died last week at his home in this city, at the age of seventy. He was a native of Ferante, France, enlisted in the United States navy at the age of nine, as a cabin boy and drummer, served in Commodore Perry's Japanese expedition, and enlisted in 1860 in the Seventh Regiment, with which he served during the civil war. After the war he became bandmaster of the Twenty-third Regiment, and from 1873 until 1894 he was bandmaster at the Brooklyn navy yard. He was bandmaster of the Old Guard in 1882 and of the Ninth Regiment from 1883 until about 1898, when he retired.

Art.

THE PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION.

By unanimous consent this season's display, which opened on Monday of last week with an appropriate show of Presidential pomp, is more discriminating in choice and more truly representative of international artistic activity than any of its predecessors. While there are on these walls no canvases of transcendent merit, such as Whistler's Sarasate, Ménard's Judgment of Paris, or Simon's Evening in the Studio, which were among the triumphs of former seasons, there is, in compensation, greater variety than ever before, and a higher general average of merit.

The distinguishing feature of these Pittsburgh exhibitions is their international character, their placing side by side the best current American and European painting, and it would be difficult to conceive of any plan more stimulating to native production. It is clearly impossible to cover the entire field every year, and if, on this occasion, certain countries, notably Scandinavia, Austria-Hungary, and Spain, are slighted, it is with particular pleasure that one notes the fine representation accorded England, France, Belgium, and Russia.

The display begins with a single room devoted to the shimmering, sun-flecked palette of Childe Hassam. The thirty-five subjects by America's most consistent exponent of impressionism show him in all his transitions, from the spirited and sensitive painter of street scenes in the vein of De Nittis or Raffaëlli, to the vibrant symphonist, who attains his climax in his views of turquoise sea and sun-bleached headland.

Considerable local interest, and, on account of their handsome monetary value, not a little general curiosity, is always manifested in the awards, which this year have fallen to William Orpen, Karl Anderson, and Edward F. Rooke. While it is the special privilege of the public to disagree with the official jury, there should be scant reason for objecting to the decision in the first two instances.

Mr. Orpen, who, though an Irishman, has lately permitted himself to be elected an associate of the Royal Academy, has here added to his prestige by capturing the first prize with his whimsical and cleverly handled Portrait of the Artist, seen at last summer's Venice International. The picture reveals a crispness of rendering, a truth of value, and a charm in its tonal modulations which readily justify its selection for initial honors. And, finally, Mr. Orpen has not failed to add a legitimate spice of humor to this version of his none too classic appearance, the immense pyramidal green hat not only constituting a fine color note, but also giving a welcome touch of character.

Equally satisfactory is the choice of Karl Anderson's Idlers: August, for second place. Exhibited earlier in the season at the Madison Gallery, and also at Knoedler's, New York, this sumptuous piece of outdoor painting easily places Mr. Anderson in the front rank of our younger artists. The surface is loose and broken, the coloring singularly fresh and vibrant, with lovely variations in green, yellow, purple, and lilac, and the flesh tints charmingly suggested.

As it is only a third prize winner, it is unnecessary to take Mr. Rooke's Laurel, which has already been seen at the Academy of Design, with particular solemnity. Frankly, however, it is hardly a prize picture. Though decorative in design, it lacks variety in its colors, and is also wanting in aerial perception. With those who receive honorable mention, including Joseph Oppenheimer of Berlin, Charles Morris Young, Louis Betts, and Daniel Garber, notably the last, there can be little quarrel. Mr. Garber's highly specialized vision and individual sense of tone are evinced in his two pictures, entitled respectively Horses and Hills of Byram. He is one of the most original of the newer men, and one who does not fail to assert himself with increasing precision at each appearance.

While there are certain notable portraits, it cannot be said that the exhibition is strong in this particular province. The seated likeness of President Taft, by Señor Sorolla, which claims immediate attention on entering the first large room, is more superficial than solid or masterful, more extensive than intensive. It is fluent, as is all the ready Valencian's work, but is fundamentally lacking in analysis.

Mr. Sargent, who is represented by portraits of Miss Brice and Charles J. Paine, is scarcely more successful than his Spanish colleague; the former work is totally lacking in beauty of coloration, and the latter, while restrained and thoughtful, is

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by no means equal to the painter's best average.

As a matter of fact, aside from Gari Melchers's bust of Arthur T. Aldis and Frank Duveneck's early likeness of John W. Alexander in brown velvet jacket and billycock hat, it is not the older but the younger artists who show the most vitality in this category. Miss Beaux confines herself to two unconvincing costume studies. Mr. Chase's best efforts are expended on his interiors. Mr. Wiles's Girl and Horse is conspicuously ineffective. In compensation, however, Mr. MacCameron and Mr. Betts, among the Americans, and Charles Cottet, Augustus E. John, and the Russian, Nicholas Fechin, all display welcome power and individuality in their respective contributions.

Though it is dark in tone, there is a subdued richness in Monsieur Cottet's Girl with the Rose Hat, which only the most subtle and restrained talent could achieve within so restricted a compass. A similar severity is found in Mr. John's Portrait of William Nicholson, together with a touch of that turgid strength which is seldom absent from the work of one who to-day ranks as the most original force in contemporary British art. The Portrait of William Nicholson was among the successes of last summer's exhibition of the New English Art Club in Suffolk Street, and loses none of its interest after the lapse of nearly a year. Yet it is the Slav, Nicholas Fechin, with his Portrait of Mlle. Lapojnikov, who has attained the only distinctive triumph in this field, and seldom has the American public beheld a more individual and characteristic presentment.

Fechin, who was born in Kazan, is a veritable mujik in art, possessing all the crude strength, directness of vision, and poignant depth of feeling so typical of the native-born Russian. He is absolutely unspoiled by Occidental training, nor does he betray the sophisticated assurance of Alexander Benois, Constantin Somoff, and certain of the St. Petersburg school. Less brilliant and forceful than Maliavin, he is equally racial in his inspiration and more subtle and reserved in his chromatic scale. The likeness of this plain but appealing young peasant woman is supplemented by an even more free and searching Portrait of my Father, dressed in rough cap and coarse linen blouse. It is such canvases as these which give significance to the exhibition as a whole and emphasize that international note which is the proud watchword of the Carnegie Institute.

C. B.

We doubt if any living writer but Montgomery Carmichael could have made a tolerable book out of the material in "Francia's Masterpiece: An Essay on the Beginnings of the Immaculate Conception in Art" (Dutton). He has unriddled to the end the secret of Francia's famous altarpiece in S. Frediano, Lucca. Most writers have called this loosely a coronation or an assumption, and have seen in the predella compositions legends of the Augustinian order. Mr. Carmichael shows that it represents the Immaculate Conception as formulated by Franciscan lovers of the doctrine. Esther, the elect spouse, was regarded as the antitype of the queen of heaven. God the Father extends symbolically to Mary the rod of Ahasuerus, great doctors bear witness to the stainless origin of the Virgin, while a kneeling monk, whom our author identifies with Duns Scotus, the subtle doctor, sees the vision in the sky. The four predella panels recount legends brought about by prayer to the Immaculate. The picture was painted for Maddelena Stiatta to adorn a chapel of the Conception some time after 1512. Iconographically Francia followed a picture formerly in S. Francesco, now in the Gallery of Lucca, which Mr. Carmichael dates a matter of thirty years earlier. Opinions might differ as to the period of this which is regarded as the earliest pictorial representation of the theme. To the present writer it seems a belated Ghirlandaioesque work, perhaps not much antedating the end of the century. Piero di Cosimo's picture of similar composition in S. Francesco, Fiesole, is dated 1480, but Mr. Carmichael justly doubts the antiquity of the inscribed date. It seems likely to us that there is an error for 1490, with which year the stylistic character of the Fiesole piece tallies very well. In any case we have in these three pictures types of the earliest form of the Immaculate Conception in art—a form far more mystical and admirable than that operatic version which the Spanish Jesuits of the seventeenth century have made stereotyped. Mr. Carmichael's researches are perhaps less novel than he imagines. Ten years ago, for example, Fritz Knapp saw through the blunder about the Fiesole picture and gave it its proper title. But Mr. Carmichael has studied the subject more deeply and lovingly than the other critics, and gives for the first time a popular account of the fate of this subject in early art. He hints at further studies, which we shall await eagerly. Leonardo's Madonna of the Rocks is for him an Immaculate Conception. This it can only be by an egregiously masked symbolism, but it would be hazardous to predict that the view is wrong. Readers of Mr. Carmichael do not need to be reminded of the mellowness of his manner and the fervor of his religious sentiment. The simplicity of his conviction wins those to whom his point of view is profoundly alien. He makes the whole past of a picture and a doctrine most appealing. One lives with the great doctors who held this magnificent bit of Quixotic reasoning before a reluctant church until the dogma attained toleration and acceptance. One sees with sympathy forgotten monks who wrote out the first offices for which pious souls were waiting. Such is the winning effect of Mr. Carmichael's artful artlessness. In vain you steel your heart against him. You disapprove his complacent orthodoxy and long for his next book.

Dr. George Fisk Comfort, founder and director of the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, died last Thursday at the age of seventy-six. He was graduated at Wesleyan University in 1857, studied art, philosophy, and history in Europe in 1860-65, and in 1868-72 was lecturer on Christian art and archæology at the Drew Theological Seminary. He was an organizer of the American Philological Association in 1869, and of the Central New York Society of Artists in 1901, and was one of the founders of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In 1872 he became professor of æsthetics and modern languages at Syracuse University, and organized the College of Fine Arts there, of which he was dean in 1873-1893. He published "Art Museums in America" and "Modern Languages in Education."

Julien Dupré, the French animal painter, died recently in Paris, at the age of fifty-eight. Medals were awarded him in the Salons of 1880, 1881, and 1889. In the Luxembourg are his Vache Blanche and Les Fauchers de Lucerne, which have frequently been engraved and lithographed.

Finance.

PLACING OUR BONDS ABROAD.

Under heavy and continuous selling, the New York stock market broke at the opening of last week, declines running to 3⅞ in Amalgamated Copper, 3⅛ in Reading, 2⅞ in Union Pacific, and 2 in St. Paul, all of these stocks touching on Tuesday their lowest prices for 1910. In the middle of the week came an upward turn of equal violence; Amalgamated Copper recovered 3¾ points, Reading 5½, Union Pacific 6⅛, and St. Paul 4¾, while Steel common, which had dropped off 1⅞ point in the two earlier days, advanced 4½. Interrupted by the reaction which, last Friday, occurred in every financial market of the world on the news from the King of England, strength was again displayed on our own Stock Exchange, in the present week.

This rather remarkable change from discouragement to optimism resulted immediately from last week's spectacular fall in foreign exchange. We had just completed the shipment of $30,000,000 gold to London; yet sight sterling rates, at 4.88⅛, or close to the normal gold export point, had been threatening further outflow. On Monday of last week, however, the rate dropped down to 4.87½; on Wednesday, a violent decline brought it to 4.86⅝, the international parity. This meant, either that capital had been transferred in quantity from Europe to our money market, or else that we had suddenly sold to Europe something whose value on exchange had offset the heavy adverse balance on merchandise account.

In response to the eager inquiry in Wall Street, as to the specific cause for the sharp movement of exchange in this country's favor, statements were at once put out that negotiations for placing new American securities at Paris had been so far successful as to insure the sale of $70,000,000 to $100,000,000 of our bonds to that European market. Three inferences were drawn immediately: one, that our own overburdened and congested bond market would be substantially relieved; another, that the gold outflow from New York would be checked, and, finally, that the enlisting of Paris capital in our market would make needless any recourse to the Lon-

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don money market, which had troubles of its own. Rumors were rapidly disseminated as to the general unlocking of the French treasure-vaults for the benefit of New York; it was even alleged, in Wall Street and in the Paris cables, that the negotiations for listing Steel common on the Bourse had been resumed.

All this was far astray from the actual facts. Some of the loans included in the announcements of last week's Paris negotiations had been placed in that city weeks ago; for others, negotiations were not finally concluded until this week. Instead of half-a-dozen new issues footing up $70,000,000 or $100,000,000, two bond issues only—$10,000,000 of the "Big Four" Railway and $50,000,000 of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul—have at this writing been announced as newly placed with Paris. Both of these, when price and commissions are included in the reckoning, will probably be found to have been rather costly operations, and the same comment may be made, with greater emphasis, on the sale to London of part of a $40,000,000 issue of Baltimore and Ohio three-year notes.

The fact remains that the enlisting of foreign capital on such a scale occurs most opportunely, alike for the home money market, which is not in a position to spare the capital required; for the home bond market, which has found difficulty in disposing of such security issues as it has already subscribed for, and for the foreign exchange market, which has been driven repeatedly, by the abnormal excess of imported merchandise, to heights where gold exports of unusual proportions were necessitated. In all these respects, the successful completion of the Paris negotiations is a matter in which American finance had important stake.

While welcoming, however, this relief to an awkward situation, it is quite as well to point out also that it is not the relief which the permanent interests of the situation need. It is one thing for a young, poor, and undeveloped country to rely on foreign capital to sustain its industries, and to accept such foreign assistance in the shape of merchandise imports which far exceed the value of the exports which the country's struggling producers can contribute. That was the case of the United States during the fifties and the sixties, when our import trade always ran heavily beyond our export shipments, and when stocks and bonds of our government, States, cities, and railways were sold as a matter of course in Europe.

But it is a very different thing for a rich and powerful producing state, whose natural resources have made it one of the greatest of all contributors to the outside consuming world's supplies of grain, cotton, metals, minerals, and general merchandise, so to pervert the level of prices, and to hold so obstinately to the perverted level, that it arrests its own export trade, needlessly stimulates its imports, and then appeals to the foreign money markets to help it out of the consequent dilemma. Not only is this process, on the contemplated scale, an absurd anomaly for the America of to-day, but it is sure in the end to aggravate the very evils which it professes to avert. If there were no other reason for this conclusion, there would be the fact that dividends and interest on these foreign-held securities will be added to the sum total of our annual European obligations.

It may still be regarded as certain that the existing problems in our trade situation and our financial markets must work out their own solution. That such a solution will come, eventually, through the commodity markets themselves, there can be little doubt. In the meantime, all of us will be grateful if the immediately embarrassing aspects of the situation shall turn out to have been removed by the French negotiations.

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Angell, E. D. Play. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
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Franklin, F. The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.
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Kautsky's The Class Struggle. Trans. by W. E. Bohn. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 50 cents.
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